The Australian

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1947

PRICE 3d

Paris Hats at Budget Prices,
pages 8 and 9

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779971

Early to bed hasn't made *you* wise!

If she were wise to a slick trick named Mum — she'd be dancing the night away!

NO LUCK — at snaring herself a date. A looker like that! And she owes her long and lonesome evenings to a fault she's not even aware of. Yes, she's guilty of underarm odour.

If only she'd realise this: a bath washes away *past* perspiration. But it takes a dependable deodorant like Mum to guard a girl's daintiness against the risk of underarm odour *to come*.

Half a minute with Mum — and gone is the risk of offending. You're safe. You're sure for the day or evening ahead. And there's nothing better than serene and certain charm to boost your popular appeal. Mum, the smoothie, won't harm skin or injure fabrics. So smooth it on before or *after* dressing. But do it *today*.

Mum

takes the odour out of perspiration

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779972

...and then HE WENT AWAY

New Serial

By . . . THELMA STRABEL

THE American sergeant followed her from in front of her stepfather's bank on the Bahnhoffstrasse. He had been lingering in front of one of those shops full of carved bears and cuckoo clocks and musical cigarette boxes for visiting soldiers of the Occupation.

Then he caught the glint of the sun on her yellow hair as she moved down the street.

It was because of such a little thing that he never saw Lucerne and the Vierwaldstatter See and Berne, but instead went touring through the recesses of her mind—and found it such a perilous journey.

"We're going to have more snow," Margrit said. It was a day with the bitter sharp tang of good Swiss beer, and the white clouds hung frothily above Zurich.

"Ja. We're having a great deal of snow this winter." Her stepfather had walked to the door with her and stepped outside. He stood there for a moment—a big, handsome man with a precise grey moustache; a solid-looking man, reassuring to any depositor who saw him behind the partition marked "President."

"Ja," he said, "a hard winter. Next year we will go to Nice. Next year affairs will be different." He put his hand on the bronze knob to reopen the door. "Auf Weidersehen, mein Kind."

"Auf Weidersehen, Vater." It was then that Margrit became aware of the soldier before the shop next door. When she left her stepfather and walked on down the Bahnhoffstrasse she heard the sound of his army boots falling into step behind her.

Their eyes met appraisingly. She's picturesque, he thought, in keeping with this quaint Swiss town.

He was an American soldier and he was following her, and because she hadn't seen his face she found herself slipping off into an old and fading dream.

Once, just after the war, when the American soldiers had first come swarming to Switzerland on leave, it had been a warm and vivid dream, and she had walked the streets with it eagerly and hopefully. But that had been many months ago.

Please turn to page 4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779973

Powders

TO MAKE YOU PRETTIER

If you like your skin to look petal smooth and flower fresh, use Elizabeth Arden's exquisitely fine, yet clinging face powders.

They seem to caress your skin, giving it a delicate bloom that lasts for hours without repowdering. Amongst the many glorious shades there is the perfect one to lend enchantment to your skin.

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 3

NOW, Margrit told herself, the dream had come again, whispering in her ears, tugging wistfully at her sleeve. In her dream an American soldier followed her, just as this one was doing; only he followed her with purpose, with agonised and quickening hope.

In front of a shop she would pause, he would step up beside her and when she casually turned her head it would be he. He would have found her at last and his face would be as white as edelweiss.

What they would say at first would probably be just each other's names, just Margrit and Mac over and over, standing there clinging to each other, not caring about the stares of the people passing along the Bahnhoffstrasse.

Then she would tell him, with the tears streaming unchecked down her face, that she had never doubted he would come back to her, if he was still alive.

"But why didn't you come for me before? Why didn't you even write me? Darling, I've waited so long!"

He would explain then. She had invented several explanations for him, rolling them up into twists of tinder to keep alive the flame of her faith and pride. To-day she chose the accident theory.

The car had turned over just after he had crossed the border from Switzerland into France, before he could get word to her that he was safe. The accident had robbed him of part of his memory, taking away her name and everything about her except the way she had looked and the way they had talked together during that whole strange and beautiful night.

He could only come to Switzerland, therefore, and walk up and down the streets looking for her.

"But why didn't you try to find me?" he would naturally ask her. "Did you have too much pride? Did you think I'd forgotten you?"

"I didn't know your whole name! Only that you were called Mac. It's the silliest thing in the world!" And now, now that they were together again, it really would be sublimely ridiculous instead of starkly tragic.

"I'm sure you told me what it was, just after I found you in Aunt Anneli's garden, but apparently it didn't register with me. I suppose that was because you told me right away to call you Mac. Then when you left me we were too overwrought to be sensible, and anyway our plans were all about how you were to get word to me. Oh Mac, suppose we had never found each other again!"

"We had to," he would say, then they would link their fingers tightly together and walk around the corner to a little cafe. There they would sit rapt among the old men reading newspapers, eating Blutwurst and drinking coffee, while Mac made plans for taking her home to America with him—America, where she had been born.

That was the dream, but all the time that Margrit walked along, wrapped in the dear, close tingling warmth of it, she knew that it wasn't going to come true to-day. This just wasn't the day for it.

A soldier was following her, but when he caught up with her there would be only the by now familiar routine: the clearing of his throat, the struggle with words someone had told him to say, "Guten—us—Tag, Fraulein."

She would look up to see a stranger's eyes regarding her. Gay, bold eyes saying: Hello, blonde girl, well-dressed and smart looking.

After the beaten-up street, the drabness and sullen, conquered faces—hello there!

She walked on, past the cinema where they were playing an old American film, "Ded Himmel Kann Warten," and past a jewellery store full of American soldiers buying watches. She stopped before a sports shop, its windows displaying skis and mountain climbing equipment. A stuffed chamois glared at her with baleful red glass eyes.

"Guten Tag, Fraulein." The soldier had caught up with her.

"Bitte?" She lifted her eyes and it was rather a thin face she saw, dark with tan over an olive skin, high cheekbones and a straight, well-modelled nose. His eyes were dark brown, rather fine and large. It struck her that they were grave-looking for a soldier trying to pick up a girl.

He was older than most of the soldiers along the street; he must be twenty-six or twenty-seven.

"Wollen sie ein Bier haben?" he invited her in very bad German.

"Danke, aber ich kann nicht."

"O.K. sister," he shrugged. "I never did care for bleached blondes anyway," and he bent to examine a collapsible stove in the window.

She gasped at his rudeness. Then she realised that of course he didn't know she understood English. But he had touched on the one vanity she still had after her upbringing by Calvinistic Swiss governesses. Bleached, indeed! Her hand went up to her hair, and the sight of his imperturbable back was infuriating.

"What you say?" She moved closer to him, assuming a heavily Teutonic accent. "I speak—liddle English."

"You do?" He straightened up.

She nodded her head vigorously. "Yes. I cannot have beer now but—" and she lowered her eyes and looked up at him meltingly through her eyelashes — "I can you to - night meet."

"Swell," he said. "Where?"

"I write." She tore a page from her shopping notebook and held it against the window and wrote "Corner Gernerstrasse and Molder Platz" because that was a good long distance up in the hills, a block, in fact, from her stepfather's own high chalet. She gave him the slip of paper.

"I come by eight-thirty. We have good time, nein?"

"Sure," he said. Their eyes met appraisingly. She's picturesque, he thought, in keeping with this quaint Swiss town. He grinned at her. It was rather an engaging grin and there was about it, somehow, a quality of rareness. "What's your name?"

"Margrit."

"Mine's Bill. Bill Anthony, sergeant. "I'm from Chicago."

"So? Gut bye, Bill." (And you are going to have a nice long wait on that corner!) She pumped his hand quickly, Swiss fashion, smiled at him roguishly, then plunged into the tide that flowed down the busy street.

. . . . . .

The snow came that night while the Krollers were in the dining-room. They heard it suddenly against the windows like handfuls of thrown gravel. Conrad Kroller lifted his head from the steaming potato soup.

"This will spoil the ice hockey," he observed.

"I wish you'd go with us some night," Margrit said. "They have very good games."

"I haven't the time." He put down his spoon beside the empty soup plate. "I am too busy."

"Much too busy." Eleanor Kroller rang for Lili. "I don't see why you must work so much in the library at night. It's killing you, Conrad. You're not well. I wish you'd see Doctor Ruegg."

Dr. Ruegg occupied the house that stood alone with theirs on this high rise of ground at the edge of the woods. He was a shy, unpretentious man. They would scarcely know he was there, except that his light burned at all hours. Gertrud, his housekeeper, said in scandalised tones that he had no respect for money, and besides, he read too many books.

Please turn to page 10

"Don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to endure."

—Goldsmith.

The Lighter Side

MY rather horrible little nephew Egbert has again forced himself into this column. At last, Baden-Powell be thanked, a redeeming influence has come into his life—he has become a Scout. Instead of pursuing his previous evil ways of life, he puts the same whole-hearted zest into performing Good Deeds. As this edition goes to press, Egbert is installing a Mazda lamp in Rover's kennel, "to brighten his life," to use Egbert's own corny joke.

Dear Little Egbert is learning the gentle art of knotting. Although he modestly admits he already knows more about knots than his Scoutmaster, he says he's seen nothing like the tangle of wire we use in the living-room to keep our three reading lamps working from the one power point. Egbert points out that this is inefficient, dangerous, and altogether unworthy of the uncle of a Scout. He says that no matter how many Mazdas we use and how much longer they stay brighter, they won't do us any good when we're electrocuted. Egbert is right.

The other evening, the boy came home with both arms full of Mazda lamps purchased from the local electrical retailer. "Just another Good Deed," he airily explained, as he wandered around the house replacing low wattage lamps with 100-watt Mazdas. "You'll find the right Mazda in your fittings saves eyestrain, fatigue, and helps Scouts and other boys do their homework more easily. And can you let me have 2/- till Saturday?"

"Be prepared," says Egbert. "Always keep a stock of spare Mazdas in the house so that you don't have to run out and buy one whenever you need it. And remember, Mazda lamps do stay brighter longer."

Lennie Lumens

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary, Ltd.
Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., England.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779974

THE BUTLER IN THE BACKGROUND

By A. SINCLAIR

STRANGE how your peace of mind could be shattered so quickly and easily, thought Mr. Chandler. The scene round him had not changed, the comfortable lounge-room, the open piano that Beverley had been playing before Steven called for her, and his wife, sitting beside the wireless, knitting yet another small garment for their new grandson.

The disaster occurred when he happened to glance up from his newspaper, and, through the glass doors into the dining-room, saw the butler polishing silver. He forced himself to look again, and, just as he expected, the butler had disappeared.

It had been a shock to him, on coming home from the office one night about a week ago, to see a butler, who could have stepped straight out of an English film, in his front hall. He was astounded, too, at the man's behaviour. The butler simply turned on his heels and hurried to the kitchen.

Amy had been coming downstairs at the time, but she made no comment, which was particularly odd, as she had given James a daily bulletin on her search for domestic help ever since their maid left to be married, six months before.

Nor had Beverley mentioned him, and Mr. Chandler, hurt at not being consulted, had forborne to ask questions. Since then he had not come face to face with the butler, but had seen him three or four times from a distance.

The butler was a fine figure of a man, of portly stature, with a jolly round face and a bald head, fringed with greying hair. It was the very fact that he was in the house at nine-thirty at night that first caused Mr. Chandler to think that there was something odd about him. Certainly their other servants had never worked until that time at night.

Then there was the heavily engraved silver coffee-pot he was polishing. Mr. Chandler knew that he didn't possess a silver coffee-pot like that one, though he would have been glad to own it.

Thirdly, there was a vague familiarity about the butler. Mr. Chandler himself had a bald head fringed with greying hair, their coloring was the same, though their features were rather different, and Mr. Chandler had to admit that they would probably wear the same size in suits.

Two horrible alternatives had dawned in James Chandler's brain. He was either going mad, or he had seen a ghost.

"What is wrong, dear? You look as white as a ghost," said Mrs. Chandler suddenly.

Mr. Chandler jumped. "Nothing is wrong," he said, a little too tersely. "James, are you ill?" persisted Mrs. Chandler. James so seldom spoke harshly, unless he was suffering an attack of rheumatism.

"Of course not," said Mr. Chandler. He picked up his paper again, and pretended to read it. It was better not to let Amy suspect the truth, though how she could miss seeing anything so substantial as that butler he did not know.

On second thoughts, that was very reassuring. You have been working hard, he told himself, and you are imagining things. Once and for all, you do not believe in ghosts. He rustled the pages of the paper bravely, and turned to the comic strips, which he had not read for years, but he was not half-way through the first row of pictures when another nagging little thought crept into his brain.

Yesterday, he had actually heard the butler walk down the hall. Ghosts were supposed to be noiseless. He had seen it, he had heard it. Why, oh why, was his grandfather haunting him? There, he had admitted it, he knew that the butler he could see, or had seen a minute ago, was the ghost of his grandfather, for his grandfather had been a butler!

James was a wealthy man, but he was no snob. He would not have cared if his grandfather had been a chimney-sweep, as long as he was an honest chimney-sweep, but Amy and his daughters, Susan and Beverley, did.

His father had migrated from England as a lad of eighteen, and after a hard struggle had been able to hand over a well-established business to James. James, too, had worked hard, and expanded his father's interests until he had reached his present well-to-do position.

Amy and the girls had never heard of the butler until the after-christening party they had given at their home for Susan's first son. She had married one of the younger men in his firm, and it looked as if Beverley was going to do likewise. She said that Steven Doyle was different from any other man she had ever met, which was exactly what Susan had said about Dick.

James had been celebrating rather heavily at the party. After all, it was his first grandchild, and Susan and Dick had christened him James after his grandfather, which pleased Mr. Chandler very much.

Beverley's Steven had said to him: "Young James will be proud of his grandfather when he grows up, sir."

"And I'm proud of my grandfather," said Mr. Chandler to the room at large. "My grandfather was a butler."

NOW that Mr. Chandler thought back on the scene there might have been a startled silence at that remark. Young Steven might have looked horrified, but he had not noticed anything at the time.

He had distinctly thought that he and Steven and Dick had all laughed heartily and had another drink. It was not until the next morning when Amy and Beverley had tackled him about it that he had given the matter any serious thought.

"Daddy, how could you say such a thing?" Beverley had been almost in tears at the breakfast table.

"What did I say?" asked James. He wasn't feeling particularly well, and didn't want to be bothered over trifles.

"That your grandfather was a butler. I don't know what Steven thought."

"From what I can remember, Steven didn't seem particularly worried," said James, and eyed his bacon and eggs sourly.

"I should imagine that you can't remember much about last night at all, James," said Amy reprovingly.

"I remember it perfectly," said James. "And what's wrong with a butler I'd like to know? Wouldn't you rather have an honest butler for a great-grandfather than a gaolbird, or someone like that?"

"I'd rather not have a great-grandfather at all," said Beverley.

"I'm afraid you have to, dear," smiled Amy, "but I agree that it is not necessary to parade them."

"Parade them," boomed James—"them! I merely mentioned that I had one grandfather who was a butler. I don't even know what my other grandfather did for a crust." He calmed down a little, and they both laughed, but he could see that they were not really amused.

He had had to go away on a business trip that week, and when he returned he found a very different Beverley. She was pale and listless, and every morning she looked as if she had cried herself to sleep. James asked Amy what was the matter with her, and Beverley herself protested that she was quite all right.

"She's had a quarrel with Steven," said Mrs. Chandler. "She didn't tell me what it was about, so, of course, I didn't ask. He hasn't been over here or phoned her all the week."

"I wonder what could be wrong," said James. Then the thought dawned on him. Was it because of his chance remark at the party about his grandfather? Oh, well, if Steven was the type to take offence at a silly remark like that, Beverley was well rid of him. But Steven didn't seem that type at all.

James took out a pencil and pretended to do the crossword puzzle, but his brain was considering his problem. Finally, he decided that there was nothing he could do about it but to await developments.

He did not have long to wait. The next night, when he arrived home from the office, the butler opened the door to him. For the first time they came face to face.

Mr. Chandler stood anchored to the doorstep. The butler looked remarkably solid. Perhaps if I speak to him, whispered James to himself in awed tones, he will disappear. He wanted to put out his hand to touch the apparition, but he could not bring himself to do so. The hall light was not on, and a thin trickle of light was issuing forth from the almost closed lounge-room door. It was all very eerie.

James forced himself to speak. A jocular note would be best, he advised himself.

"Er—er—" he began not very successfully, and then he plunged. "Who was your employer before—er—er—" he hesitated, unable to bring himself to say "before you died."

The butler did not disappear, he seemed more substantial and human than ever. James felt his hands grow clammy as the butler, slowly and deliberately, opened his mouth to speak.

"Lady Anne Brassington-Carter, sir," he said.

To James the whole thing was unreal. He remained where he was, on the doorstep, with his eyes glued on the butler, and the butler held his gaze. It was a huge relief to hear Amy slowly descending the stairs. Surely she could not fail to see the butler. The butler heard her approach, and turned without a word and walked heavily towards the kitchen. Amy must have seen him

But if Amy did, she did not comment on it.

"Had a busy day, dear?" she inquired affectionately. "Don't stand there like that all night. Dinner will be ready in ten minutes." She, too, made her way to the kitchen.

James stood looking after her. I must have imagined it, he said. I must have imagined it all. He tried to laugh it off. He'd tell the whole thing to Amy and Beverley at dinner to-night as a funny story. Though perhaps it was better not to wake up butlers again.

He spoke to the butler again the following afternoon. They met as before, the butler opening the door to him. James handed him his hat. He refused to be intimidated.

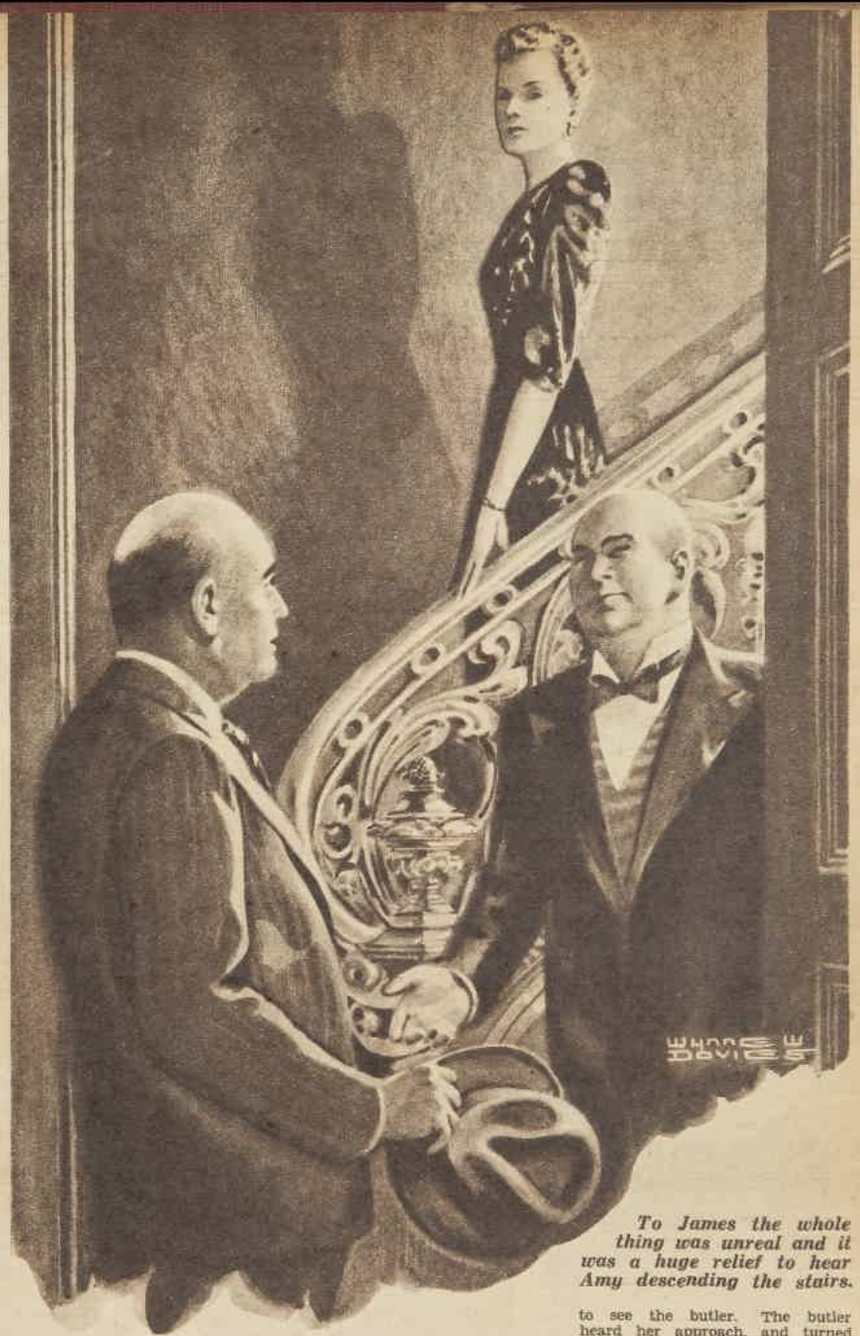
"Things are a bit changed since your time, I suppose?" he inquired.

The butler looked surprised, as if he did not quite understand.

"Yes, sir," he agreed, deferentially.

Mr. Chandler strode past him, greatly shaken. He would go and see Matt Pearson this very night, he decided. Matt was the family doctor and had been a friend of his for over thirty years.

Please turn to page 30



To James the whole thing was unreal and it was a huge relief to hear Amy descending the stairs.

See and hear the "COMBINETTE" — the new STROMBERG-CARLSON Radio Phonograph with automatic record-changer

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779975

as seen in Harper's Bazaar and Vogue

WE CALL THEM

"Next to Nothings"

. . . these De Liso Debs with the new nude look and the softest, lightest feeling on your feet. "Bombay" is the name . . . available in all-white smooth elkhind, brown "knobby croc" calf, black suede. Fractional fittings.

DE LISO debs

Designed by PALTER DE LISO NEW YORK

America's foremost designer (chosen by nation-wide poll)

Australian Footwear Distributors Pty. Ltd., 241 George Street, Sydney.

In Sydney from FARMER'S, DAVID JONES', MARK FOY'S
In Melbourne from MYER'S, GEORGE'S, FOY & GIBSON
In Brisbane from SHIRLEY SHOE STORE, T. C. BEIRNE'S, ALLAN & STARK

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779976

BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

By Thomas Walsh

RODNEY BROOKS found the Thompson-Taylor Safe and Lock Company was twelve stories up, on the highest floor of the highest building in the block. He arrived up there about half-past five on a Saturday afternoon—something more than four hours late.

He stepped out of the lift, shook some rain-water out of his hat, opened a door, and found himself in a large outside or public office which contained eight or nine desks, as many sheathed typewriters, an impressive array of wall filing cabinets, and four rows of domelike ceiling fixtures.

None of those was turned on.

At first glance, no one at all seemed to be waiting for him. Muttering to himself, Rodney Brooks peered around behind him and saw a girl standing about four feet away.

She was probably Mr. Charles Thompson-Taylor's secretary. She did not say anything. She was a small girl; she looked very angry. She also looked as if she had been standing there with her hat and coat on for hours.

Wearing his professional, or detached and humorless, expression, Brooks nodded at her, threw his overcoat on a chair, and extended his right hand with the badge in it.

"Oh, I can guess who you are," she said, her mouth compressed, her voice slightly breathless. "The police, of course. Well, we only close up this office at one o'clock on Saturday, in case you've been wondering about it. It's perfectly all right for somebody to wait four and a half hours for you, I suppose. That isn't anything at all, just so long as you can throw a badge at me."

She advanced a step. Brooks regarded her stolidly.

"What's the trouble here?" he asked. He'd had a long and wet afternoon himself; because of it, and because he did not think very much of Charles Thompson-Taylor or of his secretaries, he did not sound either apologetic or particularly concerned.

She flushed. "Police manners," she said tightly. "No explanation, naturally. Oh, no! Well, I think you're going to hear more about this on Monday morning. I think you're going to hear so much more about it——"

Words and breath seemed to fail her. She smacked the hat down on her head, grabbed up a bunch of keys from the switchboard without looking at them, and marched past him around the end of the filing cabinets.

Rodney Brooks, who had had four calls thrown at him that afternoon, and who had been told that the Thompson-Taylor thing could wait because it wasn't urgent, lit a cigarette deliberately and said in a bored voice, "I'd go right to the commissioner with it, if I were you."

He followed her through one or two smaller offices, along an inside corridor, and through another room.

It was all very quiet here, and very dark. She did not turn on any lights for him until they had crossed a second corridor and entered another room, that was obviously the private office of Mr. Charles Thompson-Taylor.

It was a very large office. It had a very large desk, elaborately carved, and half a dozen leather chairs, and a white fireplace, and some pictures—almost an entire wall of pictures—facing the desk. They were all pictures of women, of young and pretty women. They were all in expensive frames. They were all inscribed.

There was a window—an enormous window twelve or fourteen feet long—behind the desk.

Rain and wind lashed around quietly outside—quietly because, when Brooks shut the door after them, there built up in the room the uncomfortable, packed-in-cotton feeling of a room sound-proofed against any sort of outside commotion.

The trouble seemed to be here, in a cabinet the little secretary flung open immediately and disdainfully for him. She explained curtly that several times during the past week Mr. Thompson-Taylor had noticed that some of the things he kept in there—private papers, and so on—had been disturbed.

What he wanted to know was who had been so inquisitive. If it had been the watchman or any of the cleaning women, he had thought that the police could get fingerprints for him. He didn't want anybody nosing through his personal correspondence. So——

"I see!" said Brooks. He said it nastily. There was water inside his shoes and he had not eaten anything hot since eight o'clock that morning. "Of course, the Police Department has nothing to do but run around taking fingerprints for anybody who wants them."

He opened a couple of the drawers very disinterestedly. "Anything missing out of here?"

"No. Not that——"

"All right," Brooks said. "Then it isn't a police matter. Your boss owns a lock company. Tell him to make himself a couple of locks."

"Thank you very much," the secretary said. "That's a really brilliant suggestion. But, unfortunately, you're not one of the observant sort of detectives, are you? I suppose Mr. Thompson-Taylor didn't expect too much co-operation from you."

"I should think he wouldn't," Brooks returned dryly. "And let me tell you something. He gives us more trouble, more unnecessary trouble, than anybody in the metropolitan area. Do you know how many times his last secretary had us down here, when he was trying to get rid of her? Eight times. In one week, understand?"

She was obviously making a great effort at self-control. She said slowly: "About the locks you mentioned. Perhaps you might like to know that Mr. Thompson-Taylor had one put on his office door this morning—one he designed specially. Whoever was getting in here had got hold of a key somewhere. Mr. Thompson-Taylor knew that. What would you suppose he did about it?"

"I'm just a second-grade detective," Brooks said. "With somebody like your boss, I don't think I'd know."

"How do you like your eggs done?" she asked brightly, as Rodney came back.

She permitted herself a small, biting smile.

"I don't think you'd know, either. So that's another thing I'd better explain. Whoever was getting in here he wanted kept in here, so that he could tell who it was. That's why he had this special lock made. It works all right from outside with the old key. And it looks like an ordinary slip lock." She permitted herself another little smile.

"But, once you get in and close the door after you, you can't get out again, because it's really a double lock and you have to have another key, not the one you used outside, to——" All at once her smile vanished. Her voice faltered badly.

"To what?" Brooks asked.

She sat down. She was staring blankly at the key ring in her right hand. "To get out," she said. "Mr. Thompson-Taylor gave it to me. It was on the switchboard when I was waiting for you. I thought I had it with these. I haven't. So now ——"

Her lips moved, but she didn't say anything audible. Brooks, who didn't quite realise the situation yet, growled at her, went over to the door, twisted the knob, pushed it and pulled it. Nothing happened. Then he remembered where they were—twelve stories up, three rooms and two corridors away from the elevator.

A small touch of uneasiness moved around inside him. He got down on one knee and applied his eye to the keyhole.

"You out there!" he demanded powerfully.

There was no answer. There wouldn't be, Brooks told himself coldly, at half-past five on Saturday afternoon. He whirled on her.

"Where's the phone?" he said.

She pointed. Then, as if the phone didn't mean anything, she collapsed in tears. . . .

The door was solid, solidly hung, with the hinges on the corridor side, so that Brooks couldn't get at them. And the lock was something Mr. Thompson-Taylor had taken pains with—sheeted over with a single metal plate, no screws visible, nothing to pry up, nothing to smash, nothing to work loose.

At first, when Rodney Brooks still imagined that there was something he could do about this, he did a lot of noise-making and running around. He opened the side panes of Mr. Thompson-Taylor's magnificent picture window and shouted down from it; he roared into the phone; he even picked up one of the leather chairs and for five minutes, until two of the legs snapped off, attempted to batter his way out to the corridor by brute force.

Not one of those procedures availed him anything. Outside there raged an overpowering maelstrom of wind and rain that was without question the advancing gale all the papers had been talking about. It caught up his voice, tossed it around, and then threw it back contemptuously at him. No one three floors away could have heard him.

The phone was dead—had been dead, the little secretary sobbed, since the switch-girl had disconnected all outside wires at one that afternoon before she went home. And so, finally, melodramatically, Brooks began writing notes.

Those he fastened to the smallest and heaviest objects at hand—a brass spike, a desk calendar, a water jug. But since they were at the back of the building now, with nothing but roofs under them, with the street so far away, dead into the wind, he understood almost at once that the notes would not get him anywhere.

It seemed probable that the wind battered them aside on to some uninhabited roof or ledge. And if it hadn't, if even one of them reached the street, who was going to investigate it on a night like this? Who, for instance, would paw through the remnants of the bottle, locate the note, read it, and then be bold and resolute enough to act on what must sound like the most preposterous information?

When he gave up the notes, there was nothing and no one on whom to vent himself but the little secretary. He did that fiercely, at length, and with appalling bitterness. He should have known, Rodney Brooks snarled. Who but a specimen like Charles Thompson-Taylor would have invented a lock that you had to open from inside with a key? Who but a secretary of Charles Thompson-Taylor would have been stupid enough to forget the key?

She interrupted him then to tell him shakily that he'd better not say anything more. Who had kept her waiting so long that she didn't know what she was doing when he finally turned up? Who had been so nasty at the switchboard that she had snatched up her keys without looking at them? Who—she became cutting—had left his gun in the outer office, in his overcoat, so that he couldn't shoot off the lock with it?

Please turn to page 32

"AEROPHOS," THE MODERN RAISING INGREDIENT . . . CONTAINED IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779977

PARIS HATS . . . *copies for you*

MAUD ET NANO feature the new broken brimline in an off-the-face hat worn by Suzanne Combe. It is made of coarse deep-lilac straw, and the brim is caught with matching ribbon.

MAUD ET NANO combine grey felt and floral cotton in a wide-brimmed model worn by Suzanne Combe. The shallow boat-brim is lined with floral cotton and the crown covered with it as well.

★ **Hats designed by famous Paris milliners and chosen by Mrs. Mary Hordern for our French Fashion Parades are being copied by Holford's, and are on sale at all their branches and other leading stores for £1/1/- to £6/6/-. Ten of the styles chosen are photographed here. See page 17.**

ROSE VALOIS shows how attractive hats made out of dress fabrics can be by making this summer model, worn by Suzanne Combe, out of red-and-white spotted cotton, used for the hat itself and the flower trimming.

GILBERT ORCEL uses very fine straw to create this tam o' shanter style model. Contour of the hat is emphasised by the white stripes of the navy-blue-and-white straw, and the line is completed by a long tassel. It is worn by Janine Lequievre.

MAUD ROSER designs this cap of deep red roses nestling in leaves for the after five o'clock dates. Worn by Maggy Sarragne with upswept hair.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779978

LEGROUX SOEURS achieve the uneven brim effect in black straw, worn by Maggy Sarragne, by accenting drooping line with roses.

BLANCHOT creates a very French-looking cocktail coronet out of beige crinoline straw. Lydia Leplat wears it with the tulle carelessly tied underneath her chin.

LEGROUX SOEURS make this model in fine lilac-colored straw with a shallow crown and very wide mushroom-brim. Worn by Lydia Leplat, it has chiffon trimming on the crown.

JANETTE COLOMBIER gives a tailored canary felt hat additional height by adding a jaunty quill. Worn by Janine Lequiévre, it will go well with any tailleur.

CLAUDE ST. CYR uses Parma-violet velvet to make this toque with its line softened by a cascade of lily of the valley. Here it is worn by Lydia Leplat, but it is specially suitable for older women, as it has a smart line which is flattering but not too exaggerated.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779979

Beauty preparations

Quick Cleansing Cream
Night Cream
Astringent Skin Tonic
each 6/4.

Each Yardley beauty preparation is as perfect as skilled knowledge can make it, each enhances the effectiveness of the others. With their help, and a simple regime, you will find that whereas beauty is a gift, loveliness can be acquired.

by

YARDLEY of London

Y.4.12

CRAVEN "A"

Their quality and smoothness is unmistakable

Obtainable in 10's & 20's

7475

CARRERAS LIMITED – OVER 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 4

UNDER the shaded light Margrit was aware, as she hadn't been before, of the pouches sagging beneath her stepfather's eyes, the furrows in his cheeks, and the deepened line between his strong, handsome grey eyebrows. He was smoothing the big napkin over his knees with restless hands.

"Has Doctor Ruegg any idea what is involved in being a banker in Switzerland in these times? Does he know what we lost when Stucki agreed to turn over to the Allies half the Reich assets in this country? Does he know of the two banks that were carried under in Basel because of this?" He frowned.

"Everything concerned with securities and holding companies is in such a state of confusion as you can't imagine. How can you find it strange that I must work at home every night?"

"Not strange, only bad for you." Margrit saw her mother's hand reach out in a little gesture as though she would put it over his—a gesture she didn't complete. And suddenly Margrit had a frightened sense of seeing the table stretch out in the room as if extra leaves had been put in it for a banquet.

There was her mother at one end, lovely and petite and remote, with her hair in a dark coronet about her still face; her stepfather at the other, his eyes on his plate, so absorbed in his own affairs that he started like a sleep-walker sometimes when you spoke to him. And in the middle of the expanse was Margrit herself, aware of its length, unable to do anything about it.

> *"Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school-fees are heavy."*
>
> —Carlyle.

All this year, staying at home after finishing college at Lausanne, she had been aware of this change in her stepfather.

Lili came in to remove the soup-plates and bring a platter of goat's meat and boiled chestnuts. She was a big country girl, and the clatter she made to-night was exaggerated by the quiet that settled over the dining-room with its heavy furniture and oil paintings of mountain scenes.

"Perhaps you would have been happier if you had remained a chemist and not gone into banking at all." Margrit's mother helped herself to the chestnuts.

"Chemist?" He lifted his head sharply. "I've long ago forgotten about trying to be a chemist," he said, and spoke irritably to Lili about the meat being overdone.

It was all the aftermath of the war. Margrit filled her plate, feeling all at once very tired and depressed. The tension of neutrality had worn everyone's nerves too thin. She caught sight of her face in the mirror above the sideboard and thought that she looked mature for her twenty-three years.

That was the effect of war, too. Of those summers, perhaps, spent working in the shelters for refugee children. In the diffused light her face in the mirror was misty. The lines of it were blurred and she was all large grey eyes and full half-parted lips that looked questioning and eager in the glass.

Her hair, she thought critically, was her only point of distinction. She wore it brushed straight back from her forehead and falling in waves to her shoulders. Sometimes when she washed it, it was the color of edelweiss honey.

Her hair—oh, that sergeant! In a little while he would be waiting on the corner for that easy blonde he thought he was meeting. The snow was falling fast now, and he would be waiting in it, tramping hopefully up and down, peering into the darkness.

Now she remembered his uniform didn't fit too well, and he was too thin for it. She mashed her chestnuts in the brown gravy with her heavy, old-fashioned fork. How long would he wait, and how would he get down to the city again?

Perhaps he had held a taxi and that would be expensive. She thought soldiers were allowed to bring only a hundred and fifty francs on their seven-day tours. The trick she had played on him had ceased to be amusing.

She put down her fork.

"Mother, I forgot to tell you," she said quickly, "I've invited an American sergeant to come up for coffee and kuchen to-night."

"One of those friends of Elsa's? How nice," her mother smiled. "When is he coming?"

"About half-past eight."

"Conrad," her mother said, "would you mind working in your room to-night? It's so much cosier in the library."

"The library? What about the library?"

Her mother patiently explained again, for apparently he had heard nothing of their conversation. He said rather wearily he supposed he could work well enough upstairs . . .

Shortly before eight-thirty Margrit put on her snow-boots, her heavy coat with the hood, and slipped out of the house while her mother was in the kitchen planning to-morrow's marketing with Lili. It was very dark. The hemlock branches that had been spread on the terraces to protect them from erosion were pungent in the wet snow.

The Krollers' house was very isolated. Coming from the funicular railway that climbed up the perpendicular side of the hill above the city, a street ran parallel with the hill-crest. After several blocks the street developed an incline so steep that at last it abandoned all effort to be a street at all and became only wide stone stairs.

Set at the head of the stairs, their house had a magnificent view of the Lake of Zurich, lying as in the bottom of a cup, and, on clear days, of the mountains beyond hanging frozen against the sky.

The Krollers' house was an adaptation of the traditional Swiss chalet, of dark wood with steep gables.

How incredibly splendid it had seemed to Margrit, coming there as a child of ten—a veritable picture-book house! As a matter of fact, she reflected, descending the stone stairs now, the whole story had been the stuff of a child's fairy tale.

The Penniless Young Widow, Margrit's mother, left with a small child in a New Jersey town. The Rich Great-aunt Living Abroad, who had invited them to live with her. Then the Prince, in the guise of a Swiss banker, who had married the Young Widow and taken them away from the Aunt, with her tempers and sniffling little dogs, to live in his castle on the mountain.

Margrit looked down the snowy street and saw the tall sergeant was already there.

"Hello, there," she called. "You're early."

He looked at her with amazement. "You're an American!"

"I was born in America." For the moment she had forgotten her trick, her assumed accent down on the Bahnhoffstrasse.

He stared down at her, and in his tanned face with the high cheekbones there was no sign of delight at this denouement—at finding her an American girl. She felt painfully self-conscious and silly.

"Mother and I want you to come to the house for coffee and cakes," she said uncertainly. Somehow she couldn't explain about hearing his remark concerning her hair and about her pique.

"You are very, very kind," he replied, with a politeness that set her at a distance from him that made her feel ridiculous. "But you have an odd way of issuing invitations."

"We're up the stairs, just back there," she said hastily.

Please turn to page 27

KAYSER "Realsylk" HOSIERY

12/9

Pure silk for sheer beauty

"For good and fitting reasons"

KAYSER

HOSIERY · LINGERIE · GLOVES

Exciting new S·R·S hair routine

SHAMPOO—Camilatone brings out the best in your hair . . . makes it soft and lovely. With every 7d. packet is Tonrinz, the way to RINSE and put back the highlights that give your hair a gleamy lustre. There's a shade for you and separate packets cost just 3½d. Then, as the finishing touch, SET with Lustrset. Not just a brilliantine, this new tonic fixative is all you need to *keep* hair healthy and beautiful. Large tube, 2/-.

Camilatone

beauty shampoo and Tonrinz

Puts sunshine in your hair

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to study for a Worth-while Career for Yourself. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
Bookkeeping (Farm Station, Mercantile)	Nurses' Entrance
Accountancy	Commercial Art
Story Writing	Dressmaking and Designing
Journalism (Finance)	Shire Clerks
Advertisement Wtg.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Estate Agents'
Draftsmanship	Herd Testers'
Architectural Work	Window Dressing
Commercial English	Salesmanship
Com. Arithmetic	Engineering (Diesel Motor, Radio, &c.)
General Education	

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne;
149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney;
390 Adelaide Street, Brisbane;
50 Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

— Mail This Coupon: Cut Here —

To STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course(s) in

.....

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.1947. ..... AGE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779980

PARADISE FOR TWO

He wrapped his love in a nice parcel of worldly goods like a love letter in a box of groceries.

"Well, I've got the facts straight at last," Gregory said, looking intently at Helen.

By MARGOT NEVILLE

GREGORY FORDE, leaning back in the comfortable old basket chair, looked at ease enough, but deep down his nerves were as keyed as a strung wire in a storm. He knew what he was going to say to Helen any minute now, and part of him wished he weren't.

It was some madness that was driving him on—maybe to his own undoing—to act with this one-track precipitancy.

They were sitting out on the verandah after dinner—a still, gold hour, muted and serene. He studied Helen's profile, her glistening blonde hairline as she bent her head over the table, pouring the coffee into the royal-blue-and-gold cups.

He took his cup from her and leant back, stretching out his long legs, stirring the coffee round and round. He said, trying to sound casual: "Well, it's been so nice coming here, seeing the boy—and you—and the way you're settled."

She raised her thick-lashed, hazel eyes, and their candor made him more uneasy. She said: "It was so nice the way Pete took to you right from the first. Children are often so capricious with newcomers."

How her manner quickened when they spoke of the boy!

"Yes, I suppose five's a pretty temperamental age. I admit I was scared when I arrived. Didn't expect being a father at close quarters was going to be such plain sailing. May I say, Helen, that you've done a magnificent job?"

She smiled at him over her cup. "No, it's Pete that's magnificent. It's nothing that I've done."

"Well, anyhow, he doesn't seem to have taken after either of his parents—luckily." He spoke with a shade of bitterness, recalling that short-lived marriage with Phillipa of six years ago. Why, it would have faded from memory by now if Peter hadn't come of it.

Helen said: "A child doesn't have to be like its parents, you know."

"You mean when he's reared by someone else? You, for instance."

"Nonsense. Pete was just born sweet."

He said abruptly: "I'm leaving to-morrow, you know. Soon after breakfast."

"I know. Pity you couldn't stay a little longer. This lovely weather and all. More coffee?"

"No thanks." Telling her that he was leaving could be the preface to what he meant to say. But the moment was so sweet, and perhaps after he had spoken nothing would be quite the same again.

These three days spent here flashed before him, each hour asking him what sign he had seen in her manner to justify him in what he was going to say to her, right now, to-night . . .

Arriving unexpectedly on Tuesday, he had had a moment's irritation that Brenda, his sister-in-law, should have engaged for the job of looking after his son this very young and attractive blonde. Vaguely he'd expected someone motherly with a forty-inch waist.

Instead, here was this kid—just about—installed in this comfortable house in its friendly garden, with Mrs. Tolson, a homely woman who knew her job, in the kitchen. And Peter—so completely what he would have wished, with his strong straight body, his pale blond hair and widely opened blue eyes full of vitality and intelligence.

It was Gregory's first meeting with him for three years. He hadn't seen him since just before Phillipa had decided to leave them both—husband and son—and take herself off with a later love.

Then came the divorce. Afterwards, he hadn't even tried to get home. It had suited him well to be overseas on assignments for his newspaper. Gregory couldn't resolve the conflicts of his own life, but many readers took his word as the last one of wisdom on the world's troubled conflicts.

He glanced across the garden, colorful with blooms. Yes, it was just the kind of place he might have dreamed about when he'd written out to Phillipa's sister Brenda, telling her to find a furnished house and engage someone to take entire charge of the baby, someone wise and kind.

Money mustn't be spared, he'd said, to give Peter a home and sense of security; adding bitterly that a child abandoned by both parents—even though compulsorily by one—was owed everything else that could be done for his happiness.

Since his arrival, the three had gone for rambling walks, picnicked and swum over at the swimming-pool, or basked in the garden's sunshine. And all the time Gregory had had the feeling of having dropped out of the bad old world into a strange new one, where happiness was the normal expectation and pain and bitterness didn't belong.

Ironic, he had thought, that here in this house, rented by him for his son and this girl, a paid attendant, he should feel at home for the first time he could remember. And he was grateful to Helen Somers.

At the end of three days he was more than grateful. Something else had come into his feeling for her that filled him with sudden gusts of joy and plunged him just as suddenly into troughs of anxiety.

Now, at this minute, he wanted to take her in his arms, to kiss her and say: "I love you, Helen."

But dared he? She didn't love him. She wouldn't be likely to marry him because of what he felt for her. But Peter—that was another business. She did love him. With that, and other sensible inducements . . . perhaps . . .

Then wait, wait, he kept saying to himself. Don't speak now. She hardly knows you exist, except as a name footing the expenses, a distant unknown someone to whom to address those half - yearly letters about Peter's welfare—Peter had grown two inches, Peter was learning his letters, sincerely Helen Somers.

But he couldn't take his own advice, because of the conditioning of these last years. He had come from a world of urgent action and reaction where the accepted political means of getting what you wanted was a coup too swift to parry. He had flown up and down Europe, seeing kings fall and leaders rise; here an ancient dynasty disappear overnight, there a thousand years of culture blown out like a candle.

The speed and pressure of it all had left their mark on him, changing the normal meaning of time. All he could think of now was his need to possess them both finally, the boy and her.

Suddenly he leant forward and said: "You know, there's a certain amount to be discussed between us to-night."

She nodded. "About Peter."

"Yes. There won't be much time in the morning. The point is, of course, whether he's to go on here with you or——"

She said quickly: "Yes? Or?"

Not meeting her eyes he said: "I mean, you must be very attached to him, bringing him up like this for four years. You seem to have put a whole lot into it."

"Why, of course, I love him as though — I was going to say as though he belonged to me. But how can I know what it's like to have a child of one's own?"

He said dryly: "Let us say, anyhow, that you love him quite a bit more than his own mother did."

She glanced down, moving the things on the tray. She said: "And yet during these years, I've tried to keep in mind that he wasn't mine—not really—and that some day——"

He saw that it was hard to say but that she meant to say it before he did. "—that some day I might have to give him up."

"That was wise of you, very wise indeed." He leant forward, watching her expression. "And did you find that you could limit your love in that way, so that if you lost him you wouldn't mind so much?"

Quick color rushed up into her face. "Why? What do you mean? Why are you saying this?"

He shrugged. "Well . . . I thought we had to discuss things."

"About Peter, yes. But not about my feelings."

"Don't they come into it?"

Please turn to page 34

Tough, waterproof DUNLOP Kromhyd soles are ideal for kiddies' shoes —— Home Repair Outfits at all Stores

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779981

"You're not sleeping well?...

... *take my advice ... try a cup of Bourn-vita before bed ...*"

That first hour of sleep is all-important

Medical Science has established that the normal person uses more energy during the first hour of sleep than during a normal waking hour. If that catchy tune over the radio persists in running through your brain when you go to bed — try a cup of Bourn-vita. It gives the body something to "go to sleep on" and does much to induce a deep, sound sleep the moment your head touches the pillow.

Bourn-vita supplies you with the energy you need during that first hour's sleep . . . it is rich in diastase (that *natural* malt digestive of starchy foods), and will not tax the most delicate digestion.

It's not length of sleep . . . but the kind of sleep that matters

A sound, natural sleep is far better than long hours of fitful restlessness. Your Bourn-vita nightcap helps promote this sound, natural sleep which restores nerve vitality and relaxes and restores every muscle. Bourn-vita is made from Barley Malt, Eggs, Full Cream Milk and Chocolate — foods rich in phosphorus, calcium and the vitamins A, B and D, which help restore alertness and vigour to the system so that you awake feeling on top of the world.

Bourn-vita between meals gives a quick source of energy

When you get that "exhausted" feeling as the morning wears on, or as four o'clock comes around, mix yourself a hot cup of Bourn-vita. It warms you up and its concentrated natural goodness supplies the system with a ready source of energy. Keep a tin of Bourn-vita handy and keep ahead of that "fagged-out" feeling. Bourn-vita makes a delicious drink and it's a food in itself.

DOCTORS AND NURSES RECOMMEND BOURN-VITA!

Basing their recommendations on Bourn-vita's declared contents and experience of their patients, an increasing number of Doctors and Nurses are advising its use in cases where mineral and vitamin deficiency may exist and where a soothing nightcap with high protective and digestive qualities may prove valuable.

Bourn-vita helps promote a deep, restful sleep and what is more important, Bourn-vita is prepared by a special low-temperature process which retains vitamins and other essential food elements.

Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

V14FP7

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779982

CANADIAN STYLES
. . . for autumn

● Narrowing to the hemline, with fullness at the hip and thigh exaggerated by huge bows, this Brenda Barton model gives the new season's silhouette and length perfectly.

● Back-to-the-1920's fashion is exemplified in this ankle-length frock by Deja.

★ **Four leading Canadian designers showed these afternoon frocks, made from Bruck fabrics, in their autumn collections, and in each the new longer skirt is featured. The frocks are typical of styles most popular with Canadian women.**

● By using a clever apron drape, smooth in front with fullness at the back, Frenchshire has achieved the derriere look so much in favor in all the autumn shows in America and France. It allies well with the shorter day length, which is mid-calf

● Designed by Taub, this simple style shows effective new length for street wear.

How to COURT comfort

CHARM

Slip your feet into a pair of Bedggood ARCHLOCK Balanced Foundation Shoes . . and you'll know what it is to go through the busiest day without the slightest suggestion of foot strain or fatigue. You'll know, too, the uplift that comes from wearing shoes as trim as they are comfortable. Skilfully cut to fit perfectly at heel, toe, *and* instep, Bedggood ARCHLOCKS give additional ease through built-in Arch Supports which cannot shift from their correct position. Multiple Fittings provide the correct size for every foot.

Though production is limited, your Bedggood retailer will do his best to supply you with this and other ARCHLOCK styles

Bedggood ARCHLOCK BALANCED FOUNDATION

7584

Fair France blends her Flowers for your Exotiq PERFUMES

Exotiq Floral Perfumes

(At left): Rose de France, White Carnation and Parma Violet, with that "Continental" atmosphere. Complete with smart new crystal plastic stand in colours of vermilion, azure and ivory.
In neat floral box, cellophane wrapped . . . 12/6.

Exotiq Flower Perfume Extracts

(Above): Choose from Gardenia, Daphne de Luxe, or French Lilac. Each will delight you in its special hand-made moderne box, daintily cellophaned . . . 9/6

Exotiq Colognes

You will love the delightful "Exotiq" Eau de Cologne, "No. 6" Perfumed Cologne, Ice Cologne and Lavender Water, 1/3, 2/3, 3/9, 5/6, 7/3½, 13/3, 25/-.

PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

You're Smarter when you're Exotic!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779983

You never know these nights — when you're going to be left in the dark!

There's hardly a city in Australia that hasn't found itself without lights during the last twelve months.

Be ready for peace-time blackouts — even if it's only a blown fuse — by keeping a flashlight where it's always to hand in emergencies.

But make sure your flashlight is fitted with Eveready ***dated*** batteries. You can see by the date-line that they're fresh when you buy them — so you can be sure that they always work.

Beside the kitchen door!

Beside the kitchen door is a good spot to hang your flashlight. It's always there to help you down the dark verandah steps—and you know where it is when lights fail.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES and BULBS

Under the pillow!

Then, when you go to bed at night, put the flashlight under your pillow . . . handy to see the time . . . or if you have to get up.

To look at the children!

In a flash you can see if the children are covered without putting on the hard overhead light. But make sure you put only Eveready dated batteries in your flashlight. Fresh batteries last longer — never fail you.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779984

DEBRETT'S editorial office is approached through these wrought-iron gates bearing the coat of arms of the Duke of Bedford, on whose estate it is situated. (Right): The Editor, Mr. Cyril Hankinson, at his desk.

Debrett's tradition faithfully maintained

Complete guide to the nobility is mammoth work

By BETTY NESBIT from London

There's one thing at least that hasn't gone up in price in London.

It's the famous "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," one of the most important Who's Who volumes in the world.

IT also lists the members of the Royal household, and includes firms and individuals supplying goods to the Royal Family.

Even veterinary surgeons come under this classification.

Mr. Cyril Hankinson, who has been editor for the past 12 years, told me that he was strongly opposed to any rise in the pre-war price of five guineas.

"So many people simply must have a Debrett," he said.

"Members of the aristocracy whose families have appeared in it since it began in the 18th century have been hard hit by the war, income tax, death duties, and all the other cost-of-living rises.

"They just couldn't afford to pay any more for it."

But of course it has gone up in price since it was first published at less than a sovereign in 1784 entitled, "The New Peerage of Ancient and Present State of the Nobility of England," which appeared with the name of John Debrett on it.

Recent research work has established for the first time that this volume was the successor of Collins' Peerage, published by a Fleet Street firm, which was eventually acquired by John Debrett in 1781.

Collins was a partner with Abel Roper, who had published Dugdale's Baronage in 1675-1676, the first comprehensive work to deal with the English peerage.

In 1921 Debrett was acquired by Odham's Press, a big London publishing firm, and has been brought out by it ever since.

This year's edition, 1947, is the biggest issue in its history.

It contains 400 more pages than before the war, and the preparation of these pages has entailed an enormous amount of work on the part of the editor and his small staff.

They work in offices overlooking the courtyard of St. Paul's Church, near Covent Garden, London's famous fruit and vegetable market.

From the street below, as the staff index the names of English blue-bloods, floats up the sound of voices of the Cockney barrowmen selling their ripe cherries and strawberries.

Even in the offices, lined with hundreds of leather-bound books of reference, there is a lingering smell of cabbages and fruit in the air.

The 1947 Debrett, which has just been issued (a little late; it should have been out in January), contains the book's war roll of honor of 1400 names.

Every person who appears in Debrett and who was killed during the war is listed in the roll. Twenty - eight peers and 37 baronets were killed. Five of the peers were killed in action.

The war ended one 339-year-old peerage, that of Arundel of Wardour, which was also created in war. The first baron in 1605 was a soldier who volunteered to fight the Turks. John Francis, the 16th and last, was a 37-year-old Territorial captain who died after Dunkirk.

Other titles which have now become extinct because of the war are the Dukedom of Connaught, the Barony of Alington, the Baronetcies of Congreve, Dick-Cunyngham, De Bathe, Des Voeux, Hill, Lewis, MacRobert, and Muntz.

Apart from the long roll of honor (which is being published for the last time in the 1947 edition), some 5000 names were added to the companionage section, which deals with the people who have C.B.'s, C.B.E.'s, and C.M.G.'s.

Reflects changes

THIS list has grown tremendously, because so many people were honored for services to the country during the war.

Time is producing subtle changes in the English aristocracy which are reflected in Debrett.

Baronetcies are gradually dying out because there are few made. In the last 10 years 31 more have become extinct than have been created, and more than 200 baronets have no heirs, or if they have these cannot be traced.

Mr. Hankinson said that probably many would be found in Canada, South Africa, or Australia, distant cousins who had emigrated to "the colonies" many years ago.

The baronetcies are dying out because there is a tendency on the part of English Governments to create fewer baronets but more peers, since the latter are entitled to sit in the House of Lords whereas baronets are not. But the title is hereditary.

For instance, now that a Labor Government is in power in England it is inclined to recommend Labor members for peerages so as to be sure of Labor supporters in the House of Lords.

DEBRETT'S in 1947 and 1790. "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" has been for more than a century and a half the recognised guide to the nobility of England.

When a man is made a peer, if his family has not a coat-of-arms he is entitled to apply to the College of Arms to have one designed for him. This costs 100 guineas.

These days some peers don't even bother about such formalities, but those who do are moving with the times.

The old heraldic devices such as lions, fleur de lys, pegasus, old ships (known as lymphads), martlets (birds), dragons, stars, crescents are being combined or replaced with modern devices.

For example, Sir Charles Portal, Marshal of the R.A.F., has been created a peer. He is now Viscount Portal of Hungerford.

His coat-of-arms bears figures representing a pilot in the R.A.F. and an R.A.F. fitter.

Viscount Alexander of Tunis (formerly Sir Harold Alexander) was in the Irish Guards and also served in India. His coat-of-arms has an Indian soldier and an Irish piper.

Viscountess Rhondda, daughter of Viscount Rhondda, a viscountess in her own right and editor of the political magazine "Time and Tide," has retained her father's coat-of-arms with the figures of two miners in typical mining garb of coarse trousers and shirts and holding picks, shovels, and safety lamps.

Her family owned coal mines in the mining valley of Rhondda, in Wales.

Every living member of a family of a peer and baronet is entitled to appear, but no illegitimate members may be listed.

Debrett's receive their information as to new names from the "London Gazette," which publishes the honors. The staff then get addresses and send out questionnaires with a request to fill in the biographical details.

"Some people write back and say they don't wish to appear," said Mr. Hankinson, "but Debrett gives a complete list, and everyone must be listed, so we just have to find out the details ourselves, and, of course, I publish them whether the people in question like it or not.

"But I always tell such people they are extremely foolish not to cooperate as, if they use their titles and do not appear in Debrett, then the validity of the title will surely be doubted."

On the other hand, there are people who would do anything to get themselves into these pages.

Unfounded claims

MR. HANKINSON tells the story of a handsome young man wearing the uniform of the Grenadier Guards who came to the office one day asking if his name could be added to the members of the family of a certain lord, whose grandson he said he was.

He told Mr. Hankinson that he was soon to be married, and was very anxious to have his name in Debrett. He explained that his father had married a Belgian girl in Belgium, but he had the marriage certificate and would send it to him.

Mr. Hankinson, accustomed to dealing with claims like this, doubted the story, and made very careful investigations, and could find no truth in the claim. The young man eventually failed to produce the evidence.

Australia's second lord, Viscount Bruce, will appear in Debrett in the 1948 edition. (He already appears as a Privy Councillor, but as a peer will be towards the front of the book.) He has decided not to acquire a coat-of-arms.

He is the first Australian lord to be in Debrett. The first Australian lord, Lord Forrest, of Western Australia (Sir John Forrest), was never listed. He was created a peer in February, 1918, but died in September of the same year, and, consequently, did not figure in the pages as a lord.

The work of preparing the annual edition starts even before the current edition is out.

The most difficult phase of Debrett's history was during the war.

"It was terribly worrying," said Mr. Hankinson, "because I was terrified that one day our office would be bombed. If our records were destroyed it would have been practically hopeless to replace them.

"I couldn't send them away for safety to the country because we are constantly working with them. But we were lucky, and our office was untouched."

The Most Honoured Picture in History!

BEST PICTURE
BEST ACTOR
BEST DIRECTION
BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR
BEST SCREENPLAY
BEST SCORING
BEST EDITING
IRVING THALBERG AWARD
SPECIAL AWARD

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
THE YEAR'S ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES

Winner of NINE AWARDS

Starring
MYRNA LOY
FREDRIC MARCH
DANA ANDREWS
TERESA WRIGHT
VIRGINIA MAYO
HOAGY CARMICHAEL
and Introducing
CATHY O'DONNELL

Proudly Released Through
RKO RADIO PICTURES
FOR GENERAL EXHIBITION

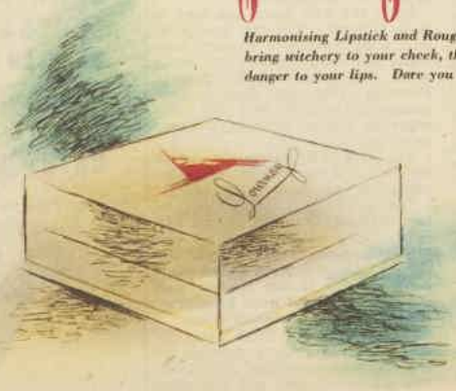
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779985

When stars look down

As the clock strikes eight, your appointment with happiness begins! There are stars, lights, music, and you are part of the romantic charm. For your skin has "that luminous look", touched to beauty with the pearly glow of Lournay Face Powder, in that most exotically beautiful of all evening shades — the lovely and alluring *Forbidden Fruit*.

Forbidden Fruit

Harmonising Lipstick and Rouge will bring witchery to your cheek, the flag of danger to your lips. Dare you wear it?



Lournay

FACE POWDER AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

LA/707

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779986

STRAW BRAID is stitched into a crown by Miss Biwa Ashmore, Burwood, N.S.W., as she begins a copy of a Jacques Fath model of pale green straw with white flowers.

STITCHED CROWN, brim, and bandeau of the copy are placed in drying room among hundreds of felt and straw partly made hats by Norma Kenny, Enmore, N.S.W.

Australians enjoy reproducing Paris hats

STEAMING of the separate parts of the hat ready for blocking is job of Bruce Dowse, Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

Milliners are fascinated with the French models

By BETTY WILKINSON

Beautiful straw braids, some 40 years old, have been brought by Holford's, millinery specialists, from forgotton corners of storerooms to make Australian reproductions of Paris hats shown at The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades.

These materials have been locked away in boxes awaiting the day when designs suitable for their use would be in fashion.

THEY include Italian and Swiss straws and there is a German cotton crinoline straw in pastel shades ideal for this year's Paris styles.

When our fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Hordern, who selected the hats for the parades, saw these straws in the storeroom she was delighted. A braid of cherry-red felt and straw woven together was her first choice.

One hat, a Maud Roser model, reminiscent of the motoring hats of the 1920's, complete with veil tied under the chin, is made of pedaline braid, which Holford's had in lovely pastel colors. (The original was soft beige.)

For weeks now Holford's staff have been working at high pressure making reproductions of more than 60 hats created by world-famous French designers.

While the hats were still in Sydney for the parades at Mark Foy's models were rushed round to Holford's during the lunch-hour, between parades, or at night.

Ten of the reproductions are being made from the original blocks sent to Australia by French designers as a gesture of thanks to The Australian Women's Weekly for its pioneering work in holding the French Fashion Parades last year and this year.

Blocks for the remainder have been made in Australia.

The reproductions are being made by Holford's in three groups.

Mass - produced, ready-to-wear hats are from £1/1/-, semi-models from 39/11, and exclusive models up to £6/6/- and a few to £6/16/6.

There will be no limit on the number of hats reproduced in the first two groups. The number manufactured will depend on their demand by Australian women.

In the exclusive model group the number of copies will be strictly limited, as the amount of work required on them is so great.

Mass reproductions are made of felt, straw, or dress fabric, and each is made by a different process.

The felts are steamed after being stiffened, then they are placed in big hydraulic presses, fitted with aluminium moulds for each shape.

COMPARING original Jacques Fath hat with its Australian counterpart, which will sell for 39/11, is pleasing occupation for Miss June Byrnes, Epping, N.S.W. The copy is in natural straw with red flowers.

TRIMMING of model and semi-model copies of Paris hats is done by hand. June Burns, South Hurstville, N.S.W., works on a Jacques Fath copy in big airy room under fluorescent lights.

These aluminium moulds have been made to correspond to the original hat in every detail.

In order to do this each original had to be taken to pieces.

Hats made by hydraulic presses are put through at the rate of 10 dozen a day.

After pressing and drying they are ready for trimming. In the mass-produced group as much trimming as possible is done by machine sewing.

Woven straw hats are mass-produced by exactly the same process as felts; but making hats from straw braid is more complicated.

These are sewn by machine into the right shape over wooden blocks made from the original hats.

> *A SPECIAL display of reproductions of Paris models by Holford's is on view at 63 Market Street, Sydney.*

When it has been sewn together the straw is limp and is stiffened and left to dry overnight in a special drying room, usually at a temperature of about 100 degrees.

When they have been stiffened the hats are hand-blocked on the same wooden shape used to sew the straw together.

To mass-produce fabric hats the material is sewn on to shapes made of sparterie, which is pliable and has been sewn together and shaped over a wooden block.

As much stitching as possible is done by machine, but there is some hand-sewing required even in the mass reproductions.

Semi-models go through exactly the same processes as mass reproductions until they get to the trimming, which is done entirely by hand.

For these hats flowers are procured specially from leading manufacturers.

Higher prices of the semi-models are due to the use of better quality materials than in the mass reproductions and to the fact that it takes much longer to trim by hand.

As in the French originals, hats in the model group are entirely stitched by hand, even to inside seams which will never be seen, such as in rouleaux, used for trimming.

Result of the hand-sewing is a job with a perfect finish.

There is one type of straw braid which must be sewn together by machine because it is so narrow; and to do this a special machine which makes a concealed stitch is used, and gives the same effect as hand-sewing.

Experts hand-block these styles on the original blocks sent from France in three great packing-cases.

The shortage of milliners experienced enough to do the work required on the models is one of the main reasons for the small output by Holford's of this group of hats.

Girls who have been working on copies of the Paris models have thoroughly enjoyed their job.

They say the workmanship in the Parisian hats is much more intricate than any they have done previously. One girl noted that all the French models were stitched from the centre of the crown in such a way that no gores were needed.

The new snug-fitting crowns and the entirely different styles with the distinctive line for which French designers are famous have delighted these milliners.

Only very experienced workers can supply the expert workmanship required on copies in the model group, but the entire staff have been stimulated by the share each has had in making the reproductions.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779987

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 20, 1947

BRITAIN'S NEED

IN the past few weeks a record number of food parcels have been lodged at Australian post offices to catch Christmas mails to England.

Everybody with a friend or relative there has been stirred to brighten what promises to be a distinctly un-Dickensian Christmas.

Britain of course needs more than Christmas gifts. She needs a constant flow of food parcels all the year round. To ensure that their generosity is not sporadic, sympathisers and well-wishers should organise their giving.

The Food for Britain Fund offers plenty of scope for individual and group effort. It will take your cash gifts, proceeds of dances and such, and will translate it all into shipments of parcels to be delivered throughout the United Kingdom. It will also soon arrange a system of parcels to named recipients.

However, there is nothing like the personal touch to spur interest in such a cause.

Those who have relatives in England know well the effect of letters which speak with pathetic, almost embarrassing, gratitude about a tin of dripping.

Those who need such a spur can gain it by "adoptions," again either as groups or as individuals. The staff of a solicitor's office might adopt the staff of a similar firm in England as temporary "cousins." Girls in a millinery workroom might find some English milliners.

This is already being done in many offices and factories, and there is room for expansion of such schemes.

Many people can't spare 15/- or a pound just when they feel the urge to send off a parcel.

But if their spare sixpences and shillings have been organised, they can send them off with surprising regularity and share in those heart-warming letters of thanks that show only too clearly the urgent need of British cousins, real or adopted.

SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: *Our artist's view of a week-end hike.*

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

THE P.M.G. (Senator Ashley), when expressing his desire to use some bank buildings for post and telephone exchanges, was quoted as saying: "If I could get hold of a couple of banks in Sydney it would suit me fine."

Never had my own ambitions put better, did you?

* * *

CASTING round for some cheerful thought in the dollar-shrouded gloom of this springtide, I am pleased to note the return of the one-piece bathing suit.

Last year, supposing you could run a one-piece to earth, you felt a bit over-dressed in it, but now even the most sirenesque types are covering the midriff.

A realistic survey of last summer's beaches showed that the majority of gaps between the two pieces revealed either a bulge or ribs. The effort of walking or sitting so as to control the bulge gave a curious strained expression to those who were theoretically relaxing. And there was nothing to be done about ribs.

Newest thing so far shown this year is the "bull of fire" suit, made from an American material which absorbs ultraviolet light, making colors twice as bright as ordinary textiles in daylight, up to ten times as bright under cloudy skies or at dusk.

(How those dollars do creep into the conversation—there probably won't be any more of this material imported.)

The suits are publicised as being clearly visible a couple of miles away. This was useful for the material's wartime purpose—in Army signalling—but strikes me as of problematic benefit in a bathing belle's life.

* * *

I DON'T agree with the Rev. J. Erskine, of Barking, Essex, who, commenting on the mobbing of film star Stewart Granger, said: "It is a sample of the trend towards materialism."

The crowd which mobbed Mr. Granger was largely female, so you may argue that it all boils down to sex.

But the same adulation is bestowed by females on women film stars, so there's something else to it. And I don't think it's a materialistic symptom.

Rather it is a dissatisfaction with ordinary life, a yearning for the beautiful, the heroic, the unattainable. It's a yearning that mankind has expressed in various ways, including religious and political, throughout history.

Film stars, publicised as no one or nothing has ever been publicised before, are ready objects for this worship.

But I don't think it's particularly alarming. The time to worry is when the adulation becomes fixed on a dictator. As long as Mr. Granger doesn't go into the armament business, things should be all right.

* * *

A GIRL employee of the United Nations Organisation in New York gave a party recently at which 17 different nationalities were represented.

She said she hoped there would be no political discussion, but a lot of flirting, because flirting helped international understanding.

This is the liveliest argument I've heard yet for getting more women into politics. Come to think of it, is THAT what they mean by international affairs?

PHILATELY is a hobby which has never attracted me, yet it undoubtedly has points.

Take the case of the Newcastle 150th Anniversary commemorative 2½d. stamp, which carries a portrait of the wrong Lieut. John Shortland.

The stamp was intended to carry the picture of the Lieut. Shortland who discovered Port Hunter, but someone slipped, and the picture used is one of the discoverer's father.

This is the kind of mistake that sends a cold shudder of sympathy through any worker on a newspaper. When we do anything like that we live in terror of our 700,000 readers, many of whom have an unfailing eye for an error, and wouldn't hesitate to tell us.

Nor, I understand, are mistakes regarded kindly in the commercial world.

But according to the organiser of the Newcastle pageants, this confusion in pictures will do a power of good to Newcastle, because collectors the world over will rush the stamps.

I can think of no other activity where mistakes are appreciated—except philately.

There ought to be some profound moral to this, but goodness knows what it is.

* * *

THE first Americans coming here under the Commonwealth Government's assisted migration scheme should have a considerable advantage, to them and to us, in knowing something of their new country.

Most of those in the first batch aboard the Marine Phoenix were here during the war, and the fact that nearly all the wives are Australians ought to help in the settling-in process.

It is to be hoped that the intending migrants realise that they will see Australia from a different viewpoint from their wartime visits.

There are evidently some over-optimistic impressions round, judging by a reference in a New York daily to Australia as the land of five-dollar-a-week (31/3) homes.

In wartime the American serviceman was able to enjoy an extremely high standard of living here. Not only was American Service pay high, but American money was worth here about three times as much in spending power as in the States.

Earning at Australian rates of pay they won't have that favored position. Still, it cuts both ways. They may find they won't have the kind of popularity that always attends the free spender, but neither will they be prey to the less attractive section of the community which battened on them.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD dress designer Irene says that with the new longer skirts men's manners towards women will change; they will become more gallant.

"I've worn skirts long," said Aunt Louise,
"And I've worn 'em at half-mast,
"I've worn 'em tipping my dimpled knees
"Way back in my chequered past.

"And I warn you, cynic though I am,
"That I'm moved to a wistful laugh
"At the thought of rating a seat in a tram
"With a skirt that shrouds my calf.

"I've lived long enough to know the score,
"And the lady's talking rot,
"For fashions may change, as they have before,
"But men, my dear, do NOT."

Interesting People

MISS MERLE BUSH

. . . 25 years of guiding

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Miss Merle Bush started the 1st Bendigo Girl Guide Company. Recently she was given Chief Guide's Diploma, by Imperial Guide Headquarters, and is only holder of diploma in Australia. For five years during war she was State secretary of Victorian Headquarters, now is concentrating on training guiders. Says: "We have so many children eager to join that we need many more guiders. Guiding is as popular as ever with children."

COMDR. RICHARD COLVILLE

. . . Press officer to the King

NEW Press liaison officer to the King, Richard Colville, has had 22 years' service in Royal Navy. As instructor at R.N. Staff College, Greenwich, says he met many fine Australians. Works in room next to King's study. "My wife is delighted with appointment, as now I can spend at least my week-ends at our home in Sussex." He spends leisure hours carpentering.

MISS DIANA LYTTELTON

. . . likes Palace job

RED-HAIRED, smartly dressed Diana Lyttelton, newly appointed as assistant Press liaison officer at Buckingham Palace, was pilot officer in W.A.A.F., and since war has had Foreign Office job, involving much travel. "I like new job because it means I can have a little flat in London. I do all my own work and love cooking and relaxing after a busy day at Buckingham Palace." She is fond of theatre, went to a dramatic school, learnt singing.

Drink delicious 'OVALTINE' daily — Made from Malt, Milk and Eggs, it is the food you drink for health and strength.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779988

I'm worried.

Mum says milk is going up.

That means less ice-cream and stuff.

Well, I can still chew these free.

Christian Commandos claim London success

BLITZED SITES made good starting points for British Christian Commandos when they "attacked" the city recently to bring religion to the people. Here a hot gospeller brings the word of God to street marketers and small boys.

Stormed pubs and cinemas in drive for gospel bridgeheads

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

The man sitting opposite me in the railway carriage suddenly leaned across, tapped me on the knee, and said, "Do you know Christ?"

I was startled and uneasy. He had been trying to catch my eye for some time, and, copying a good old English custom, I had shrunk behind my copy of the "Daily Express."

THE man was young, clean-cut, wore no clerical collar.

He put this disturbing question to me not in a voice portending doom and destruction, but in an easy, conversational way.

He is one of thousands now known to Englishmen as "Christian Commandos."

They stormed London and made the population sit up and take notice in the same rather agitated way that I did.

For twelve months he and his comrades had been planning day and night for a Christian onslaught on Greater London, the population of which has now swollen to some ten millions—a big proportion of them apathetic towards religion.

Posters from every wall have stared down at passing agnostics with the warning, "The Christian Commandos Are Coming!"

Three thousand commandos invaded the pubs, stormed the dance halls, brought the gospel to the cinemas, spoke from the sports arenas, insinuated religious arguments in house parties, week-end roadhouses, snack parlors, and film studios.

Not all of these campaigning commandos were clergymen. There were M.P.s, footballers, actors, pugilists, Civil servants, a large proportion of women, several film stars, and a few journalists among these twentieth-century disciples.

They bombarded strongpoints of sin with leaflets of all shapes and sizes, humorously cartooned and titled alluringly, "Recipe For Happiness," "How Am I Doing?", "Are You A Man Or A Mouse?"

When the Christian Commandos opened their religious attack on London a vast, near-military technique went into operation in the supreme headquarters in Central Hall, just over the road from Westminster Abbey.

Those out bringing God to the people expected some reverses; did, in fact, get a few rude receptions, but surprised themselves more than anybody else by securing a staggering amount of attention from a city in which only one person in ten goes to church.

This was a "Combined Ops" job on which the Anglican, Methodist, and all free churches, presided over by the Bishop of London and supported by leading public figures in all walks of life, had to spend more than £40,000.

One of the results of their campaigning among the public is that thousands of printed cards are coming back into their headquarters filled in by people who confess to a revived interest in the teachings of Christ.

According to the denomination under which they were baptised, these once-passive Christians are being referred again to their nearest church.

BALD-HEADED REV. BOYS brought the "Red Rhythmics Band" with him while he stormed an East End of London pub. Cockneys accepted tracts and listened politely to him in the Red Lion, Old Street.

BAR PATRONS in a Sydney hotel listen to "The Open-Air Campaigners" during the recent "Invasion of Sydney."

As one energetic young cleric put it, "There's no sheep stealing. We send them back to their own flock."

Another result is that more than 200 London factories are arranging to have chaplains attached to their works, so that workers can receive advice and guidance whenever they wish.

One of the prime organisers of the Christian Commando campaigns is youthful Rev. William Gowland, now a veteran of some sixty or seventy major religious operations in the provinces, and one of the few English clergymen who can boast a full congregation at his church at Reading, Berkshire, every Sunday.

I heard a faint northern accent in his voice as he told me, "I was chaplain to half a dozen R.A.F. dromes around Reading, and travelling round to see the boys gave me the idea for bringing the church to the people—where they worked, prayed, swore, and sweated, in the same way that the disciples of Jesus did.

"We started putting this idea into practice in Nottingham in 1943, and then we learned people are prepared to listen to men who come to them and put Christianity in the language of to-day. It is untrue to say that men and women are not interested in religion. What they are less interested in is church worship in the form it takes.

"When I first toured factories and addressed workers in the canteens, the first hostile questions I got came in this order:

- "'Who sent you here — the bosses or the Government?'
- "'How much do you get out of it?'
- "'We have been here a long time—why have you just discovered us?'"

After hearing answers to these questions, the audience was usually prepared to listen.

IN AUSTRALIA . . .

Sydney group visited 138 hotels in first campaign

By a staff reporter

While the Christian Commandos were storming London a group of young Australians, known as "The Open-Air Campaigners" and inspired by the same ideals, began an "Invasion of Sydney."

THEIR target was the religious re-awakening of as many of Sydney's busy thousands as they could reach.

Commanding officer was 27-year-old Leslie Werry, a slim, sharp-featured ex-infantryman who worked as a clerk before the war and studied theology after his discharge from the Army.

His staff officers were four grey-uniformed young men: James Duffecy, Richard Hall, George Wotherspoon, and Morris Elder.

An army of 100 volunteers included students, apprentices, salesmen, clerks, and young professional men.

Their battlefields were Sydney hotels, streets, parks, beaches, and city halls.

The attack was planned and operated with strict realism, and the invaders went among the people on a let-us-talk-man-to-man basis.

They preached their teachings forcefully but simply; they expected and received setbacks and insults; they hoped for and achieved a measure of success.

In four weeks they held 87 open-air meetings and addressed drinkers in the bars of 138 hotels.

They blitzed passengers on ferries, organised meetings in city halls, attended by 10,500 people, and held a procession which was over a mile long.

They estimate that during those weeks they preached in topical, every-day language to 56,000 people and induced 1525 to attend "Official Invasion Prayer Meetings."

To-day, Leslie Werry and his officers, at their headquarters in a small office in a Sydney building, are planning to extend their operations interstate.

"We are planning an invasion of Brisbane later, and we hope it will be as successful as the Sydney one," Leslie Werry said.

Adelyn Paris Fashions — Obtainable from all stores in all States throughout Australia — Adelyn Paris Fashions.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779989

TOOTAL FABRICS

Designed to take your ease in . . .
A sun-back dress with matching jacket!
Smart finishing touch is a hold-all of the same material, easy to make for yourself

Choose Lystav in a plain dye or a colourful print — or one of the other Tootal rayons. It's when you put clothes through holiday paces that you appreciate the sun-resisting, soap-defying qualities of these good-to-look-at fabrics. Remember, they can take hard wear and frequent tubbing *and* they are branded 'Tebilized' to show that they have been given power to resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.

TOOTAL FABRICS

The word "Tootal" and other brand names mentioned are Registered Trade Marks

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779990

ENGAGED. Rosemary Parker dancing with fiance Geoffrey Fairbairn at Prince's when Geoffrey was in Sydney. Rosemary, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Parker, of Radcliffe, Vaucluse, hopes to be married next year. Geoffrey is in Hongkong.

DISCUSSING PLANS for Chelsea Flower Show, Treania Smith, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, and Loudon Sainthill at meeting at Mrs. Blaxland's home at Woollahra. Show will be held in Sydney Domain from October 15 to 18, with proceeds for Red Cross.

CELEBRATION. Beulah Woolfe and fiance Johnny Goodwin dine and dance at Prince's in celebration of engagement. Couple plan marriage at St. Mark's on October 22.

Intimate Jottings

GAY and informal party held until "all hours" at home of "Tug" Mason and his wife, Doris Fitton, after Independent Theatre's premiere of Australian play "Awake My Love."

Members of cast and their friends chat and have usual first night "post-mortems" over cups of coffee and delicious savories brought to party by Dora Birtles in two huge Dutch baskets. All in all it's a busy night for Dora, as, at late afternoon party given by Universal Pictures for "Sons of Matthew" film, Dora brought along special menu for guest Tommy Burns, who is training for fight against Eddie Marcus on September 22.

Guests at Universal's party sally forth in time for curtain rise of "Awake My Love."

• • •

ALSO in audience is author of play, Max Afford, and his attractive wife, Thelma, who wears draped dinner frock of white crepe beneath fur coat. See leading man's wife, Mrs. Paul O'Loughlin, who is well known in radio circles as Maiva Drummond. Maiva wears autumn-toned crepe frock and sits with Max and Thelma.

Talk of establishment of National Theatre in Australia brings lots of theatre-minded folk to opening. In audience see English producer Harry Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Walton, Rev. and Mrs. Alan Tory, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Wood, Dorothy Dunckley, Nick Pery, and Peter Finch.

• • •

MEET Sheila Moss determinedly trousseau shopping in town the other day, and she tells me she is hunting for jodhpurs, preparing for the country life when she is married. Sheila chooses November 12 for marriage at St. Mary's with George Christie, and then couple will live at lovely property, Baroona, at Singleton. Time of wedding was fixed for about 3 p.m., but Sheila's now decided to alter the time, as there is no parking space for guests to leave cars near St. Mary's at that time.

• • •

NOT all young brides-to-be are as lucky as Sheila Moss when it comes to having a home all ready to go into. Attractive Barbara Cary, who announces engagement to Dr. Tim Furber, tells me that although she and Tim aren't planning wedding until after April of next year she is already beginning to worry about the housing problem.

Josephine Clayton, who has set date of wedding with John Bottomley for November 19, says, "It'll be a tent in the Domain for me unless we get somewhere to live soon!"

• • •

DELIGHTED to have her husband home is Mrs. Edward Chauvel, of Bellevue Hill. See Margaret and her husband, Lieut.-Col. Chauvel, lunching at Prince's with Margaret's eldest schoolgirl daughter, Mary Jane Moore, and Mary Vyden.

AT PRINCE'S. Mrs. J. Christie and Mrs. J. Markell meet at Prince's to discuss plans for annual ball of Medical Society at Trocadero on September 23.

COUNTRY WEDDING. Sydney Steindl and his bride, formerly Helen Armstrong, of Goolhi, Mullaley, with bridesmaids, Margaret Ekin, of Mullaley, and June Capel, at reception at Carlton after marriage at St. Philip's. Syd is secretary of North and North-Western Racing Association.

BRIGADIER'S DAUGHTER WEDS. Mrs. Lester Henning, formerly Margaret Pulver, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. B. W. Pulver, leaves St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, on arm of her husband. June Williams, bridesmaid, and bridegroom's brother, Robert, best man.

SIGNING THE REGISTER. Dr. Stephen Richardson and his bride, formerly Margaret Osborne, younger daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. H. J. Osborne, Longnose Point, with attendants, Mrs. Hugh Smith and Stanleyellen Johnston. Stephen is son of Mrs. F. M. Richardson, of Armidale, and late Mr. R. R. Richardson.

WHITE BALL COMMITTEE. Mrs. Francis C. Thompson (left), Mrs. Roy Buckland, Mrs. Chic Bouvet, and (in background) Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, Mrs. Lennox Bode, and Mrs. Noel Vincent at committee meeting of White Ball, which will be held at Trocadero on October 7 in aid of Blind Institution.

OTHER news on the Little Theatre front is production of "The Chocolate Soldier" by Savoyeurs at the Conservatorium this Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Producer is Helen Langton. Proceeds of production for Legacy.

• • •

LEAVING New York on October 30 are Mrs. T. A. Field, of Wahroonga, and her two daughters, Heather and Betty. Mrs. Field and Betty left by Orion on ship's first luxury trip and have been to England, Scotland, Wales, and Paris. Heather, who was visiting America, flew to England to be with them, and they all returned to Canada together. They will travel back to New York to catch the Pioneer Glen home to be here for Christmas.

In letter to her other daughter, Mrs. Chris Langsworth, of Killara, Mrs. Field wrote that first thing they all did on arriving in Canada was to send off food parcels to English friends.

HEAR from my Melbourne newshound that the Arthur Powells are looking forward to visit from their daughter, Mary (Mrs. Alan Tully), from America. Mary's son, Charles Kingsford Smith, and his stepsister, Belinda Tully, are not accompanying her this time. Charles is now 15 and nearly six feet tall, and is too engrossed with his studies to travel at the moment.

• • •

LOTS of interest in engagement of Margaret Fox and John Hannell, of Newcastle. Couple announce engagement during Newcastle's 150th celebrations, when Margaret comes to stay with John's mother, Mrs. Edith K. Hannell. The Hannell family particularly interested in city's celebrations, as John's great-grandfather, James Hannell, was first Mayor of Newcastle and first Member of Parliament for Newcastle. John is well-known pianist.

Joyce

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779991

Fly TAA the friendly way

From Cairns to Hobart, from Brisbane to Perth . . . wherever you fly over TAA the Australia-wide interstate network . . . you'll appreciate the courtesy, the friendly, personal interest in your comfort and enjoyment that is the hallmark of TAA's service. In the Booking Office, at the Airport, and aloft, TAA's desire to please, highlights your trip. When next you travel, join the increasing thousands of enthusiastic passengers who always fly TAA the friendly way!

Kiddies are specially catered for by TAA . . toys, picture books, and even folding cots for tiny tots.

TAA's delicious meals are the talk of air travellers—hot breakfasts, tempting snacks, lunches and teas.

No limits to your luggage with TAA! 35 lbs. travels with you free, and any excess from as little as 3d. a lb.

Every passenger is covered by TAA's free, insurance scheme. Your baggage, too, is insured free by TAA.

Trans-Australia Airlines

YOUR AIRLINE—AUSTRALIA'S FINEST

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779992

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT days ahead for those born under the signs Capricorn, Taurus, and Virgo this week, with promotions and benefits likely.

They are advised to work hard, but Geminians, Sagittarians, and Piscans should live quietly and wisely in order to avoid difficulties.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Losses and upsets possible this week, so avoid change. Sept. 20 (late), 21, and 22 (to dusk) all mildly helpful for minor matters.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Seek modest gains this week, but avoid over-confidence. Older people should guard against health worries. Sept. 18 to 20 poor; 23 and 24 good. Sept. 25 (to dusk) fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Good days ahead, but meanwhile live quietly. Sept. 20 (late), 21, and 22 can all produce confusion, so keep to routine matters.

"It says, 'Now put the other foot on'!"

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Complete outstanding matters by Sept. 20, and live quietly for several weeks. Sept. 21, 24, and 25 all obstructive, so routine matters are advised.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): A fairly helpful week, but avoid over-confidence. Sept. 18 and 19 poor, 20 (evening), 21, 22, and 23 (after dusk) all very fair for minor matters.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Early part of week poor, but success possible on Sept. 22 and 24. Push important matters through on these days, and seek gains.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Several good weeks ahead, so plan wisely. Meanwhile complete routine matters. Sept. 18, 17, and 18 (early) helpful for contracts or plans. Sept. 23 and 24 poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A moderately helpful week, especially for those born on Nov. 19, but health should be watched. Sept. 18, 19, and 20 (to dusk) good. Sept. 23 and 24 fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): A week for caution, particularly as regards arguments and impatience. Trouble will be easy to find on Sept. 20 (evening), 21, and 22. Live quietly.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): A fortunate week, so seek urgent changes and gains. Sept. 18 (after midday), 19, 21, and 24 all helpful for these matters.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Good weeks ahead, so plan for promotions and gains. Meanwhile, complete outstanding matters on Sept. 16, 17, and 18 (to noon).

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live quietly this week, for discord is likely. Sept. 20 (evening), 21, and 22 all confusing. Routine matters prove best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

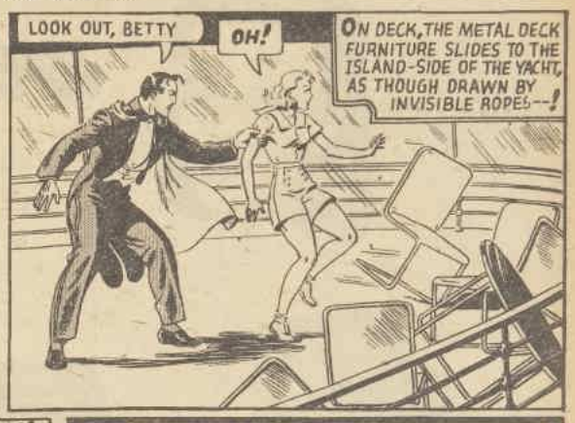
Your Coupons

TEA: 32-44.
BUTTER: 51-53.
MEAT: Black, 71-76 (75-77 available Sept. 29), green 81 and 83 (83, 87 available Sept. 29).
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, set off on the yacht Argos, owned by wealthy explorer
COLONEL BARTON: Who is searching for the rare, flame-colored pearls. His daughter,
BETTY: Is also on board. Crew members led by unscrupulous ship's captain
BEEKER: Plan to kill Barton once the pearls are found. In the tropics a storm bursts, the compass goes wild, the Argos is pulled by a mysterious force towards the rocks of a desolate island. A wooden lifeboat is lowered to investigate the island, but as it nears the rocks the boat falls apart, throwing the crew into the sea.

NOW READ ON:



★ PELACO SHIRTS — MINE TINKIT THEY FIT — PELACO SHIRTS ★

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779993

The Best "Ready-to-Serve" Meal we've ever tasted!

It's NEW! Let your family taste it TODAY!

It's prepared by Heinz with home-like care — just the way you would do it yourself! Heinz take all the extra care, to make sure that any mother would be proud to serve Heinz *Braised* Beef Stew. Juicy, tender, delicious beef, slowly simmered till it melts in your mouth . . . plus the flavour and goodness of fresh diced vegetables with appetising gravy . . . it's a family feast! Heinz Braised Beef Stew will be a new help to you on those busy days . . . saves time and work . . . it's ready to serve! Watch your family enjoy it! You'll find they want it served often!

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

HEINZ.. Famous for Quality & Flavour!

HEINZ Braised BEEF STEW

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE . . . SYDNEY . . . ADELAIDE . . . BRISBANE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779994

WORTH Reporting

WE wondered recently what has happened since war ended to the nine surviving Australian V.C. winners of World War II, and how they are settling in civilian life.

Ro Cutler, N.S.W. V.C. winner (now Australian High Commissioner to New Zealand), who lost a leg as the result of war wounds, occupies, with his wife, a charming house in Wellington, and, thanks to his new artificial leg, is to-day again playing tennis and dancing.

After one or two false starts, Queensland V.C. Dick Kelliher has settled down as linesman for the Brisbane post office. But he wants eventually to get out in the country and work for himself.

The newest romance was that of Ted Kenna, of Hamilton, Victoria, whose marriage to pretty Marjorie Rushby, and the gift of a home to the couple by the townspeople, was run by us as a news story last June.

Ted is assistant caretaker at the Hamilton Town Hall. The big plastic surgery job—Ted was badly knocked about when a bullet passed through his jaw, travelled down his neck and into his shoulder—has turned out fine.

Two of Western Australia's V.C. winners, Tom Starcevitch, of Grasspatch, and Jim Gordon, of Gin Gin, are now in city jobs.

Tom, a miner before the war, is now a motor salesman with his own desk and telephone. Jim, who used to help on his father's farm, is to-day doing plant repair work in the Perth metropolitan area for the Electricity and Gas Company.

Another West Australian V.C., Wing-Commander Hughie Edwards, is now at Bracknall Staff College in Berkshire, England, doing a further course.

From our Sydney office we put in calls to Frank Partridge and Reg. Rattey. Partridge, V.C., lives with his parents on the North Coast of N.S.W., and, with his two brothers, works on a banana plantation.

On his farm at Lake Cowal, Reg. Rattey is working hard looking after 1000-odd sheep—he goes in for wool and fat lambs—and cooks his own meals. He was cheerful when we spoke to him and reported plenty of grass.

Another trunk-line call went in to Crowther, N.S.W., where Lieut.-Col. C. G. W. Anderson raises merino wool on his 4000-acre property, "Fernhill."

Everything is going well, and "Anderson of Muar" has been improving the property by making dams and roads with the bulldozer that he bought since his return.

Helps career girls

ONE of the least publicised organisations in Australia must be the Girls' Realm Guild, established 45 years ago under a pine tree in the Sydney Botanic Gardens.

Ten socially conscious young women attended the meeting (held on Coronation Day, August 9, 1902). In obedience to the mood of the meeting the secretary inscribed on the first page of the minute book the Guild's resolution: "To give a start in life to one who wants it."

Its purpose was then, and still is, to help by paying tuition fees for girls who want to train for careers but are not financially able to do so. When necessary it grants a living allowance to those who must study away from home.

The Guild is non-sectarian; those applying for financial grants must bring with them two letters of recommendation from people who personally know them, and as the result of a private interview must convince the executive committee of their desirability as candidates for the Guild's assistance.

On the average 20 girls seek its help each year.

Children's nurses, secretaries, doctors, architects, hairdressers, and kindergarten workers have all had the assistance of the Guild in their training. The money made available is regarded as a gift, but is often in later years repaid so that other girls may benefit.

In the whole of the Guild's 45 years' work, no name has ever been revealed except to the executive committee. Those receiving its assistance are known only by assumed initials.

Animal Antics

"Come now . . . once more . . . 'bars do not a prison make.'"

In Fleet Street

BETTY NESBIT, formerly of our staff (she used to look after this feature among other things), has landed a job on the London "Daily Mirror," which is quite an achievement in these days of newsprint rationing in England.

Betty went to London last February in the Rangitiki, and since then has been seeing England and sending us stories now and then.

A little while ago she was given a month's trial on the "Daily Mirror," and now writes to tell us that she's been appointed to the staff.

When she got her appointment several of the staff took her out to dinner to celebrate.

"A number of Australians have worked here at one time or another," she writes, "and have left good reputations.

"I adore London. There's so much to do and see, and I'm always meeting new people. Everyone here thinks of Australia in terms of the Ninth Division, Test matches, and rump steaks. Being an Australian is a great advantage, because Australians seem to be popular. The R.A.A.F. left us a very good name."

Received son's award

AT an investiture at Government House, Sydney, last week, Mr. E. G. Merryfull, of Hurstville, received the M.B.E. which was awarded posthumously to his son, Squadron-Leader C. J. ("Joe") Merryfull, R.A.A.F.

Squadron-Leader Merryfull was a pilot of the famous Stirling bomber B for Beer, which made 76 sorties over Germany without ever having to return on account of engine trouble.

After each sortie a beer mug was painted on the fuselage, so that eventually it had 76 mugs on it. Joe Merryfull, incidentally, was a teetotaller.

During the war Joe passed his final exams. as a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Engineering Society, and after V-E Day he was retained by the R.A.F. to finalise some valuable aircraft inventions. In July, 1945, he was killed when testing a bomber in Surrey.

Among the souvenirs his father treasures is the compass of B for Beer, which was sent him by the British Government.

Home, James

OUTSIDE a well-known London night-club a taxi-driver was hailed by a doorkeeper, who packed four very jolly guests into the cab.

"That one on the left goes to Park Lane," he explained. "The one next to him to Jermyn Street. The one on the left-front seat goes to Piccadilly, and the fourth to Knightsbridge."

With an understanding nod the taximan drove off. In a few minutes he returned and hailed the doorkeeper.

"Would you mind sorting out these fellows again?" he asked. "I hit a bump in Trafalgar Square."

* * *

A *MEMBER of our Melbourne staff got a shock recently when she returned some underwear to a leading store where she has an account. She received with her coupon credit a card which read: "Thank you very much. I enjoyed waiting on you. I hope you find your purchase satisfactory and that you will call on me to serve you again," followed by assistant's name, number, and department.*

Granite ash-trays

ONE of the oldest firms of monumental sculptors in New South Wales has its city office in the garden of one of the oldest houses in Sydney—Kent Cottage—which is now jammed in among tall buildings in Regent Street, near Central Station.

The firm is F. Arnold and Sons, which includes a fourth generation of monumental sculptors among its members.

It was founded in 1879 by the late Frederick Arnold, son of an English monumental mason. When he died it passed to his sons Herbert, Ernest, and Walter (who died recently), and three of their sons now work in the firm, while a daughter is secretary.

Kent Cottage, which originally belonged to the old Kent brewery, is the residence of the works manager, and its green handkerchief of lawn, old mulberry tree, and 100-year-old grapevine (still bearing) are a pleasant oasis in the city.

A portrait of the founder looks down from the walls in the tiny head office, and ash-trays of polished russet granite are in keeping with the firm's business as stone and granite merchants, as well as monumental sculptors.

"Tastes in gravestones have changed in the past 50 years," Mr. Herbert Arnold told us. "They formerly tended to be high and rather ornate. Now people prefer plain and simple lines. There is beauty in the natural stone when it is polished and well cut."

During the war, Arnolds, with other granite firms, supplied granite for the Captain Cook Graving Dock in Sydney Harbor.

Intrigue! Mystery! Romance! ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, 1/-

Yes! Tests prove that Lux makes stockings last twice as long

What exciting news—twice the wear from every pair of stockings when you trust to Lux! Just a quick dip in Lux after every wearing and your precious stockings will *keep* that "just-out-of-cellophane" look! You see, gentle creamy Lux suds whisk away every trace of harmful perspiration before it has a chance to damage the delicate fibres. But you *must* use Lux! Tests prove that stockings washed with gentle Lux last *twice* as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

U.241.34

SHAKESPEARE HEAD BOOKS

Juvenile and Adventure:

TREACHERY AT 40 KNOTS ..... P. G. Griggs
A sea story for boys that will capture everyone's imagination. Written by a master craftsman of fast-moving fiction 7/6

FOUR WINDS AND A FAMILY .. D. Cusack & F. James
Girls 10 to 14 will love this book about themselves and things that actually happen. It has a "grown-up" format and is charmingly illustrated by Nan Knowles 7/6

PERILOUS JOURNEY ..... Marea Wolkowsky
Set in the days of Good Queen Bess, every page is brimful of swashbuckling adventure. Thrilling, amusing, instructive 7/6

New Novels:

CORNERSTONE ..... Dorothy M. Catts
An absorbing romance, written in readily readable form, about the early days of Australia's colorful history 8/6

DADDY SOWED A WIND! ..... Cynthia Reed
"Written with almost surgical efficiency, 'Daddy Sowed a Wind!' is an adult book."—Book News. An analysis of the inner secrets of a woman's mind. 8/6

HIGH RIVER ..... Nourma Handford
Its frankness may surprise you; its characterisation will delight you. You'll live the joys, sorrows, hardships, and triumphs of the folk you'll meet on High River Farm 8/6

On sale at all booksellers. Send for regular list of new books.

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS PTY. LTD.,
Central House, Little Regent Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779995

TURN IT ON . . . NIGHT OR DAY !

hot water

Every woman knows HOT WATER is the home's number one helper. Cutting every household cleaning job in half, it saves the precious minutes that save hours.

for economy

for Health

for Household efficiency

for Extra Leisure

Hot water the modern way by

RHEEM

STORAGE WATER HEATING

Not idly do architects, plumbers, gasfitters, electricians, recommend a 'Rheem' . . . they know its the finest precision-built unit of its kind available to-day.

That's why when choosing a Hot Water System for an existing or a new home you must specify a 'RHEEM'.

RHEEM

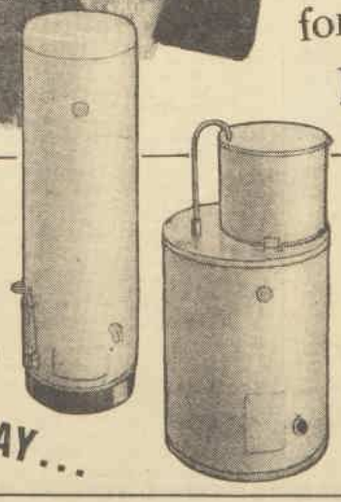
RHEEM

AUTOMATIC HOT WATER STORAGE SYSTEMS

Particulars from Gas Companies, Plumbers, Electricity Undertakings, Electrical Dealers and Hardware Merchants.

RHEEM AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Fremantle



HOT WATER THE MODERN WAY...

IS HOT WATER THE RHEEM WAY !

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779996

And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 10

IN the dark-panelled hall, two hours later, Margrit closed the door and leaned against it with relief. The sergeant was gone with his long stride, off into the snow to the funicular. It had certainly not been a gay evening.

Her mother had sat with them, knitting, talking about the sights he should see in Switzerland. They had talked without any depth, of the war and the peace. The sergeant had got into the war late, he explained, having been deferred for work in an essential industry. He had seen some fighting. He was stationed now in Frankfurt.

That was all they had learned about him the whole evening.

His reticence seemed strangely un-American to her. It was American to treat the world as a round, golden ball to be gaily balanced on the fingertips. It was American to be full of talk, plans, and dreams.

"And after the war I'm going to have a plane, one of those little planes they'll be manufacturing in quantities," Mac had said. "We'll fly all over the country together, darling. I'll show you the Grand Canyon, Hollywood, and Niagara Falls."

Mac who, who, who?

He's dead, she told herself passionately, her shoulders pressed against the door. He was killed long ago, before he could get word to me. I must accept that. Suddenly tears filled her eyes.

The carved knocker sounded sharply behind her. She turned and opened the door to find the sergeant standing there.

"Sorry to bother you," he said, "but I left my cigarette-case."

"Do come in." She stepped back into the shadows and because she didn't want him to see her tears she said, "Would you mind going into the library and looking for it yourself? I was just going to let the dog out."

She went quickly ahead of him and through the rear door into the kitchen, where she wiped her eyes and then got Peter, who was dozing by the stove. When she returned to the hall she saw her father coming down the stairs, and she hurried to intercept him at the library door.

"Father," she said, "this is Sergeant Anthony. My father, Mr. Kroller."

"I'm glad to meet you, sir." The sergeant had been examining an antique Italian screen in the corner, and he turned around and came to the doorway.

"It is a pleasure for me," her father replied in his precise English. "But I thought you had gone."

"He left his cigarette-case and came back for it," Margrit explained. "Did you find it, Sergeant?"

"No, I must have dropped it in the snow." He bent down on one knee to pat the Doberman pinscher between its elegant ears, in the way of one at home with animals. "You're a handsome pooch!"

"Peter was in the Army," Margrit told him. "We lent him to the Elite White Troops. He learned to find and uncover a man under six feet of snow in thirty-eight seconds. He injured a leg and got an honorable discharge."

At that Peter lifted a paw, as though he understood, and the soldier laughed. His teeth were beautiful, white, and even, and the laughter changed his whole face, lightening it, bringing out nice little crinkles around his eyes.

"If we find your cigarette-case, where shall we send it?" her father inquired.

"Oh, never mind. It was just a cheap one." The soldier straightened up. He said he expected to go on to Lucerne the next day, and her father said he would find it very interesting. Especially the Glacier Garden.

Margrit walked down the hall with the soldier and opened the door again. "Good-bye once more," she said, her hand on the latch.

For answer he reached out both arms and scooped her to him. He held her with one hand tight against her back, with the other he lifted her chin and kissed her, his mouth hard against hers.

She was limp with the suddenness of it for a minute, then, furiously, she tried to jerk away. But his lips held against hers, though she beat at his back with both fists. The odor of wood smoke from the library fire was strong in his clothes, and in the kiss itself there was neither gay brashness nor nastiness, but a kind of impersonal deliberateness.

He let her go abruptly.

"That's what I came back for," he said quietly. "I didn't have any cigarette-case. I just don't want you to pull that on a soldier again. This was my first night of leave and I wasn't looking for any homey American evening."

"Get out." Margrit kept her voice low, because her father was back in the library. The kiss had left her mouth like a reopened wound, salt with memory, and she cried out against the pain. "I hate American men. I wish I had never seen any of you!"

"Who was he?"

"I'll set Peter on you if you don't go."

He went without another word and she slammed the door behind him. She was trembling violently and her heart was pounding.

"Who was at the door, dear?" Her mother, who had gone upstairs when the sergeant left the first time, was leaning over the balustrade in her quilted robe. Margrit explained about their guest returning for his cigarette-case.

"But he didn't have one," her mother declared. "He was just carrying a pack, I'm sure."

"What's that?" Her stepfather was in the doorway of the library. "He had no cigarette-case? That's very strange? Why did you permit him to be in the library alone, Margrit?"

"I went to get Peter."

Her mother's robe rustled as she moved back towards her room.

"Wrap up well, if you're taking Peter out," she said.

"Yes, Mother." Margrit opened the hall closet and took out her coat and boots. Her stepfather picked up the brass key from the hall table and slowly wound the clock.

"Did you meet this soldier at Elsa's?" he asked her. Elsa Nagel's mother was American too, and soldier friends of her American cousins sometimes visited her.

"No, I didn't," she answered uncomfortably.

"Where then?"

"As a matter of fact, he followed me after I left you to-day," she admitted. "He took me for someone else." In a way, that was true. "He spoke to me and we got to talking. He seemed lonely, so I asked him to call."

"You picked him up on the streets!" He turned from winding the clock to stare at her, and she noticed how his eyes were reddened by exhaustion. He said almost in a whisper, "He followed you. So that's the way he got into this house!"

Margrit wanted to say that while her picking him up would have been an unconventional procedure for a Swiss girl, she was, after all, an American and he was an American too. But her stepfather looked so like a shaggy and agitated bear, shaking his head at her, that she had an urge to hug him instead.

"Isn't he travelling with one of the soldier groups on a regular tour?" her father pursued.

"No, he told us he had permission to spend his leave here on his own. He didn't want to be with a crowd."

"That's queer." Her father rubbed his hand along his heavy cheek.

"You are never again to bring home a stranger such as that. I don't like it. Liebchen. Understand?"

"Yes, Father." She snapped on Peter's leash and the dog jerked her impatiently towards the door. She felt that her stepfather was making far too much of this incident, and she thought, as she opened the door and the fine snow peppered her face, that his affairs must be in a bad state to make him so nervous and unreasonable.

Going down the walk with Peter tugging at the leash and the hemlock branches brushing against her boots, she felt as though she wandered on a vast, windy plateau in some interstellar space. The turmoil of emotions stirred up by the sergeant's kiss, the anger and then the lonely pain, began to ebb away, to be absorbed and muffled in the soundlessness of the night.

Here was her private world, her high kingdom. Here was her escape from all ugliness, from suspicions and cheatings and intrigues that laced through the world below.

She could imagine this the top of the skyscraper in which Mac lived on his magic island of Manhattan, and he was as close to her as the wind in her hair.

Of course she hadn't meant her cry of hate against Americans when the sergeant kissed her. That cry had been only against the pain of love. In love and in Mac she believed. He had meant to come back for her as he had promised. He was dead, holding her heart in his forever—or else something had happened to his mind and some day he would remember her.

Suddenly she was happy, with a happiness woven out of the thin air, the still night, and her own dedicated heart.

To be continued

What's on your mind?

Issue stamps for special health funds

WHY doesn't the Australian Government issue a special health stamp at regular intervals? Proceeds from the sale of the stamp would go to organisations helping sick or disabled people, and a marvellous amount of good would be done for causes such as T.B. clinics and spastic centres.

For many years New Zealand has issued such a stamp, and from these large sums of money have been raised for various health organisations.

Philatelists are always anxious to buy special stamp issues. When a special issue was produced to celebrate the Duke of Gloucester's term of office in Australia, more than 98,000,000 of the stamps were sold.

If the Government is not prepared to hand over the entire proceeds of a stamp issue to health organisations, it might consider adding one penny to special issue stamps. Even this would result in thousands of pounds going to health funds.

£1 to T. C. Weinert, 1 Northcote St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment at £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Inflammatory

USUALLY when I'm trying to light a match, I have quite a struggle.

I strike two or three, and their heads fly off when striking the box.

This is dangerous, as only yesterday a flaring head flew off, in an arc, and landed alight in my hair!

It would be easy for someone with poor vision to set the whole house on fire. The habit of matches either igniting or failing dismally to do so is annoying, and also expensive.

5/- to Mrs. D. Zbierski, 5 Adams Place, Alberton, S.A.

Story's origin

AFTER reading an explanation of "Sing a Song of Sixpence" (30/8/'47), I thought readers might be interested in the origin of the Cinderella legend. I found this in an 1898 issue of the Girl's Own Paper.

It says that the real Cinderella was Rhodope, an Egyptian maiden, who lived in 670 B.C. Bathing in a stream, she left her tiny sandals on the bank.

An eagle flew off with one, and dropped it over Memphis. Most conveniently it landed at the king's feet.

So the king sent messengers all over Egypt to discover the wearer of the small and beautiful shoe. They discovered Rhodope, and she was carried to Memphis, where she became the Queen of King Psammitikh of the 26th dynasty.

5/- to Mrs. Aileen Menere, "Mayfield," Victoria Rd., West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Still welcome

IN your issue of 24/5/'47 Miss Stacey comments that it is unfair for "well-fed Australians" to come to Britain, and to eat our food.

Believe me, we are still able to show hospitality. What we can't give in luxuries we will make up by our welcome.

I'd feel far sorrier for our friends "down under" for having to wait, than to feel they were taking something belonging to us.

Anyone in Britain would be delighted to show appreciation for Australia's goodness to us.

Incidentally, my three children and I hope to go to Melbourne whenever your housing problem becomes less acute.

5/- to Mrs. Kay Maycock, 609 Clifton Rd., Aberdeen, Scotland.

Musical training

A LETTER from "Ex-A.A.M.W.S.," which appeared on 16/8/'47, has been brought to my notice.

In the musical arts so much depends on the ability of the individual that no arbitrary length of time for training can fit all cases.

To meet this problem, a certain standard of training has been determined by the Department of Post-War Reconstruction, and must be reached by applicants before full-time training in music is granted.

This ensures that trainees are sufficiently advanced when they start the course to become qualified musicians at the end of three or four years' training, if they progress at the normal rate.

As musical development is a matter of growth, and cannot be forced, every case is dealt with on its merits, taking into account each trainee's individual problems.

As it is impossible to decide on any precise point in music where training is complete, it is necessary to fix an arbitrary limit to the period for which benefits may be made available.

It was decided where benefits are granted for a degree or diploma course they should be made available for the entire course in accordance with the general regulations covering payment, and that other cases should in general be limited to three years.

A. W. Paul, Director, Re-establishment Division, 450-4 Little Collins St., Melbourne.

On probation

TOO many young people rush into matrimony before they have really got to know each other. This leads to divorce in the future. A suggestion which might help is to have an engagement licence.

The engaged couple would have to sign an engagement register, and would not be allowed to marry until a certain fixed period had elapsed.

Engagements need not be binding, and the couple could break the contract if they felt they did not want to marry each other. These licences would make marriages less of a chance.

5/- to Thos. W. Smith, 19 Vernon St., Glen Iris, Vic.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 A JAR (City & Suburbs)
OINTMENT
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.
0.59.32

October issue now on sale — ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, 1/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779997

Bananas ripen on

SUNNY SMILE from ex-serviceman Jack Bissett, of Coff's Harbor, who works for his father-in-law, Mr. J. Murphy. He decided to take up rural life after service with the A.I.F. Pictures by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

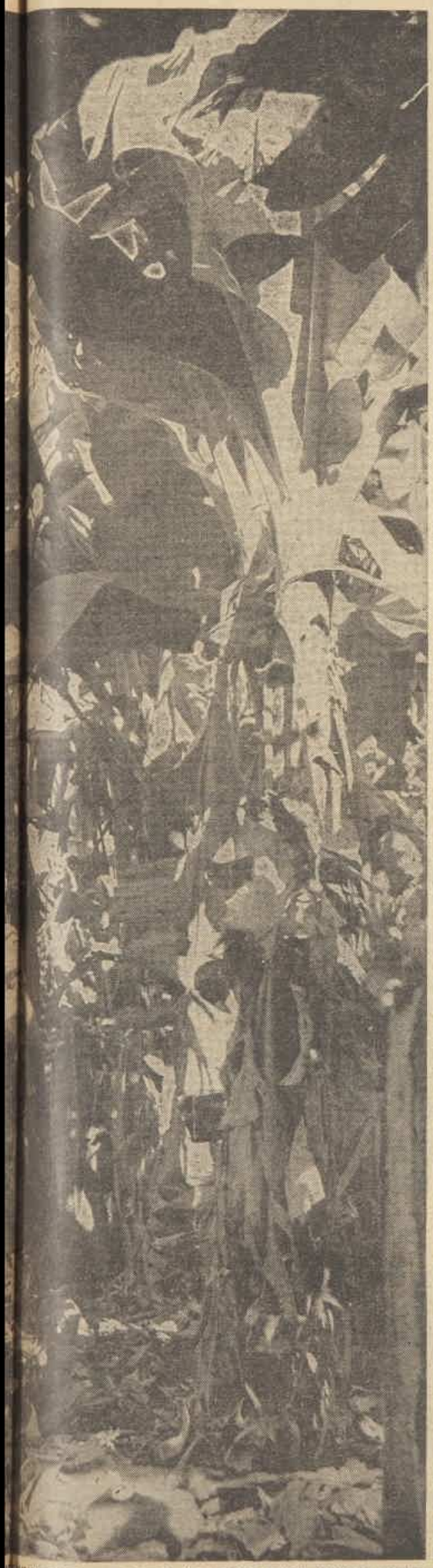
HILLSIDE PLANTATION. While their son Jack (centre) was in Army, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Unwin (left) looked after this, with Mr. Syd Unwin (right), ex-A.I.F.

DAPPLED SUNLIGHT makes patterns on broad leaves of banana plants as Frank M the great bunches are covered with bags to prevent bleaching of the skin before ba

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779998

nny Australian hillsides

ON sun-warmed hillsides on the North Coast of New South Wales are hundreds of banana plantations, which send bananas to all States of Australia. Output is increasing steadily. In the year ended June 30, 1944, 932,173 tropical cases were shipped from N.S.W., in 1945, 1,022,790 cases, and in 1946, 1,347,993 cases. Many ex-servicemen deciding on a rural postwar life have bought plantations.



y carries heavy bunch to waiting truck. During winter s are ripe and full. An average bunch weighs 60 to 65lb.

HOEING the earth between plants is hard work. An essential labor also is keeping soil fed with fertiliser.

SMALL TRUCKS carry bags on tracks at fair speed on Jack Murphy's plantation at Coff's Harbor.

FLYING-FOX transports heavy bunches of bananas. Mr. Jack Bissett starts a bunch off on its run. Bananas are picked all the year round but production is highest in hot summer months.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779999

The Butler in the Background

Continued from page 5

IT will give the old boy a shock when he finds I'm going mental, thought James. But Matt would probably just laugh at him, and tell him he needed a holiday, and when he got back that horrible butler would be gone.

Well, he could go for a holiday without consulting Matt. He refused to admit that he was afraid to visit a doctor.

That night at dinner he suggested to Amy that they should take a week's holiday, just for a break.

"But I thought this was the busiest time of the year for you," said Mrs. Chandler, in amazement.

"All the same, I don't think you have been looking very well lately," he lied. "A week or so away would do you good."

"I feel perfectly well," said Mrs. Chandler, "though I don't think you have been looking very well lately yourself."

So they went. For three days James enjoyed himself thoroughly, but after that he was impatient to get home again. If he caught so much as one fleeting glimpse of the butler he would first tell Amy, and then go to the doctor.

They returned two days earlier than they intended. James spent them at home instead of going to the office, to give the ghost a real chance of appearing, but there was no sign of it. He began to feel happy again, but the next day would be the real test, he decided, that crucial moment when he came home from work. Would the butler open the door for him, or not?

James spent a feverish day in his office, bewildering his large staff with alternate moods of absent-mindedness and bad temper. At last the moment came when he stood on his doorstep again, with his key in his hand, ready to open the lock. James hesitated. He sensed something was wrong. It happened.

Slowly the door opened and the butler stood ready to take his hat.

James was horrified. Yet there was something so likeable about the butler, something so eminently well-meaning in his honest face. He looked as if he wouldn't hurt a fly. Mr. Chandler looked him straight in the eye.

"I wouldn't stoop so low as to haunt a member of my family," he said bitterly, "and particularly not my grandson." The butler had the grace to look ashamed. At least, James presumed it was a look of shame that passed over the butler's face, though it did look more like amazement.

"James, you're as nervous as a cat," said Amy to him that night, just as he had been working up courage to tell her the whole story, and thereby unnerving him completely. He had just succeeded in gathering himself together a second time when the solution to the whole problem suddenly came to him.

His grandfather had only been haunting him since that chance remark that had upset Beverley and caused the break with Steven. The fact that his grandfather was haunting him must be a sign that he was the one to patch up the trouble between them. James felt convinced that as soon as Beverley and Steven were engaged the ghost would automatically disappear.

He could not wait to begin. Beverley, who was usually moping around the house at this time of night, had gone to visit Susan. He would see Steven in the morning.

By a lucky chance he passed Steven on his way to work the next morning. He stopped the car and offered him a lift.

"I haven't seen you at our place for a long while, Steve," he said.

"No, sir," said Steven.

James went direct to the point. "Have you and Beverley quarrelled?" he asked, feeling very much the interfering parent, even though in a good cause.

"Didn't Beverley tell you?"

"No; she hasn't said a word. She's been looking very unhappy lately though."

Steven looked miserable, too.

"The fact is, sir," he said, "I want to marry Beverley, but I haven't enough money to keep her in the manner to which she has been accustomed, and I asked her to wait. She said she didn't want to wait, that she didn't mind being poor, but I said that it wasn't being fair to her."

"You make enough to keep a wife, don't you?" demanded James. He considered he paid his employees handsomely.

"Not in the comfort Beverley has been used to."

"Is that the only reason?" asked James searchingly. Steven had answered his questions honestly enough, but he was disappointed that there was no mention of his grandfather. Still, to patch things up was the main job in hand.

"Yes, of course," said Steven.

"Good Lord, boy," said James, "I'll still make Beverley an allowance."

"That is exactly what I don't want," said Steven as politely as possible. "When I marry Beverley I want to support her entirely."

"Humph!" said James, "then you haven't much faith in Beverley. If she says she is willing to marry you on your present income, then take her at her word. Don't be a stubborn young fool."

"I hadn't thought of it that way, sir. I'll ring her this morning."

"Go out and see her," advised James, stopping the car to let Steven out.

Mr. Chandler felt happy about the whole thing. He knew that the ghost would no longer be there when he reached home that evening. He was so impatient to prove it that he left the office early.

He walked up the front steps without trepidation, humming a little tune. Taking out his key, he opened the door and walked inside. Just as he thought, there was no butler. He heard Susan and Amy talking in the lounge-room.

I hope Sue brought little Jimmy with her, he thought, and strode delightedly towards the door. Then it happened.

The ghost of the butler emerged from the dining-room, with a deferential smile on its pleasant face. James could stand it no longer.

"Go away," he yelled. "Get out of here."

The surprising thing about it was that the butler did. He turned on his heels without a word and walked slowly down the hall. From the lounge-room a loud wail indicated that he had wakened the baby. Amy appeared.

"Oh, James, how could you?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, my dear," said James, and went upstairs.

It had worked. A whole fortnight passed and the ghost of the butler did not appear. Even the vague fear that it might appear again was beginning to leave James. Beverley was walking on air. She and Steven were to be married in a few weeks' time and talked of little else.

James was reading his paper one night, and Beverley and Amy were discussing the wedding.

"I would have liked to have had the reception here," he heard Beverley say regretfully.

James came up from his stock exchange report. "Why not?" he asked.

"It's too much work for mother, now that she hasn't any help at all in the house. A pity we can't resurrect great-grandpa. We could do with a butler."

James shuddered. "Nonsense," he said.

"I thought it was rather fun having old Timmins here," went on Beverley. "I think it was rotten of you to dismiss him, Daddy. The poor old boy was enjoying himself, and he was marvellous in the house."

The room began to swim before Mr. Chandler's eyes.

"Beverley, what are you saying?" he asked slowly and distinctly, feeling as if he was speaking through a cloud.

"You wouldn't have objected to him if he had stuck to the household jobs he was supposed to do, but why you should hold it against anyone because they liked being a butler as well, just because you're grandfather was one, I don't see."

AMY, trying to regain peace and quietness, put in, "Your father is a sensitive man."

"I am not a sensitive man," shouted James. "Amy, for goodness' sake tell me what this is all about. You never mentioned any butler to me."

Both Amy and Beverley were staring at him in amazement.

"I didn't consult you first, because I thought you would object to having a butler in the house," said Amy. "Timmins was the only answer I had for all my advertisements for help. He said he had been a butler in England to Lady Anne something or other, and said that he was quite willing to do housework, but he liked to do butler's work, too, such as answering the door."

She eyed her husband reproachfully. "I was very much surprised when you dismissed him, James. You hadn't objected to him before."

Light burst on James, and then relief. He had not seen a ghost, but he must never let them find out what he had thought.

"I liked him," said Beverley. "One day he brought along a beautiful silver coffee-pot to show me. Lady Anne had given it to him."

"I saw him here quite late at night once," said James, just to clear up every point.

"Yes," explained Amy, "he said he lived in a dismal little room, and he liked to stay here. Domestics are so hard to get, I'd have let him do practically anything."

"Hmmmmm," mused James. "Perhaps I was a little too harsh. Perhaps he could be persuaded to come back. Give me his address and I'll go over and see him in the morning."

"That would be very nice of you, James," said Amy.

"You know," said James, "I think that fellow Timmins and my grandfather would be rather alike." But Beverley and Amy, in the midst of wedding plans again, were not interested.

(Copyright)

TRAGEDY IN 3 STEPS

Gums — SORE BLEEDING

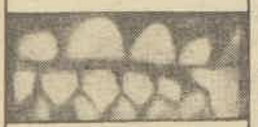
Gums INFECTED

A TOOTH GONE

NOW! NO MORE NEEDLESS EXTRACTIONS WHEN YOU USE S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE – USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHŒA)

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS
Taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette show how
Sodium Ricinoleate improves teeth and gums



1. Condition before treatment.

2. Fourteen days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.

It's easy, it's pleasant — right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums bleed, become sore and spongy. Gum Rot sets in and soon a sound tooth must be extracted. There's no need to risk it. Brush your teeth with this new kind of toothpaste called S.R.—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. *Rub a little S.R. into your gums.* S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, makes loose teeth firm, *often after only a few days.*

GUARD YOUR GUMS WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED S.R.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

SR.3.41

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780000

This Symbol A CAESAR FABRIC

GUARANTEES THESE FAMOUS FABRICS

REPRODUCED on this page are labels of many famous Caesar fabrics—each one a household word. Look for these labels when you go shopping. They answer every question you could ask and guarantee you the finest styling, quality and value obtainable.

Though some of these labels have not yet reappeared, they will again take their place among the many other Caesar favourites.

Proud of the wide renown of their famous products, Caesar Fabrics have these labels affixed for your protection, so that you may confidently buy on the strength of the name which women everywhere accept as a guarantee of satisfaction.

SEE THAT THIS TRADE-MARK A CAESAR FABRIC IS ON THE LABEL OF THE GARMENT YOU BUY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780001

Behind Locked Doors

Continued from page 7

THAT kind of thing went on for quite a while. After it, each falling silent, they began to sit around and wait for the cleaning women. At eight-thirty, when the cleaning women hadn't come, she said blurrily that there had to be something they could do. People didn't get locked up in a place like this all night. They just didn't!

"That's one thing I'm glad to hear," Brooks said, speaking to the fireplace, apparently. "It takes a load off my mind. Suppose the cleaning women don't work up on this floor on Saturday nights? Had you thought of that?"

She raised her head quickly. "Why, they've got to," she said. "They——" Her voice cracked again. "Thanks so much," she said unsteadily. "That's the most encouraging idea you've come up with. But then, all the evening you've tried so hard to be agreeable and courteous and cheerful——"

"All right, all right," said Brooks suddenly.

He was still afraid of the ledge, as he had been afraid of it when he first noticed it a couple of hours ago; but now he wasn't quite so afraid of it as he was fed up with anyone like her. He strode over to the window, opened it, and took a deep breath. The ledge looked just the same as it had before. It was still twelve stories up. But it also still led to the corner, and obviously around the corner, to the front office, and deliverance.

Wide enough, Brooks told himself—quite wide enough. And if he used his head, if he watched every step, if he didn't look down, if he didn't get himself tightened up and panicky——

All at once the ledge had become an unendurable challenge to him. Taking another deep breath, he raised one leg, straddled the window sill and raised the other leg. The little secretary popped out of her chair. She looked frightened.

"Here!" she said breathlessly. "What are you —— Mr. Brooks!"

He didn't wait. He knew that if he thought another half second about it, he wouldn't do anything at all.

Instead he straightened up cautiously on the ledge, and put his body, his left arm and his right cheek again the wall of the building.

The little secretary had gone white. Behind him, the wind swept up again, bringing a heavy sheet of rain with it. Brooks started to move; the window slid away from him. He covered two or three feet, and then the rain swept over him again. He stopped, blinking. The wind came at him, ballooning up under his coat, and he wobbled rigidly and turned his head without meaning to.

As soon as he turned it, he did the very thing he was still warning himself not to do—he looked down. There was an ornamental roof five stories under him. It had a stone tower in the centre, and four smaller spikes around this, one at each corner of the building. They all appeared sharp as pencil points. They all appeared to be aimed straight at his belt buckle.

Rodney Brooks froze. Cold sweat came out on him. His thigh muscles began to jump. He shut his eyes.

The moment he shut them he became convinced that he had to fall. His jaws, every part of his body, tightened up and became immovable. He did not breathe. Thirty or forty seconds went by, and then somebody—the little secretary, of course—began to speak quietly to him. She seemed very calm; long afterwards, Brooks wondered how she ever got her voice under control.

"... to worry about," she was saying. "You're only three feet away from me. You got there all right, and you can get back here in half a minute. I can almost touch you. Just a little ... an inch. Take your time. Even the wind's helping you."

He became aware that it was. A great blast of it had swept up, infinitely soft, infinitely solid behind him. Even then he knew perfectly well that he wasn't going to get back. Impossible! Yet the wind or perhaps the calm way the secretary went on talking to him got him started. He moved one or two inches, keeping his eyes closed and his head turned up and into the building.

Slowly, he edged further along; then he swung himself around blindly, grabbed the window sill, and climbed or collapsed over it.

On the floor—it swayed gently under him, like a ship's deck—he looked up at her and put a finger, a wobbly finger, against his chest.

"I bet you never saw anything like that before in your life," he said huskily.

"All I had to do——" He swallowed a couple of times. "All right," he said. "Take it easy now. Don't get excited."

She shook her head violently at him. "Oh, no," she said. But she was shaking now, too, worse than he was. "You're not ashamed of yourself, are you? A human fly wouldn't have tried that. I think it was the finest and the bravest thing——"

Brooks glanced covertly at her. "Ah," he said. It made him feel slightly better, though. As soon as he seemed to be in one piece again, he went out to the kitchenette where Mr. Charles Thompson-Taylor had his lunches prepared, and found a bottle of cooking sherry and a couple of glasses. He had a quick one there by himself, and then went in and had another with her.

Presently there was no more tension; they both seemed to know that they were there for the night. The upper part of her dress was soaked with rain; her hair was plastered down over her ears and her forehead. She looked terrible, she said. Did he think he could get a fire started?

He built one up, so that in five minutes or so the room got much warmer and much more cheerful than before. Then she came out of the bathroom—Mr. Thompson-Taylor's private suite had all the comforts of home—with the hair pretty much in place again. Brooks pulled up a chair for her and she thanked him for it.

They agreed that this wasn't so bad; at least now they had a fire. If she had been anything at all but one of Thompson-Taylor's secretaries, Rodney Brooks would have begun to like her; even as it was, he unbent noticeably.

She was amused now by what Mr. Thompson-Taylor and the office staff were going to think about this, and apparently much more at ease about it than Brooks. She curled her legs up under her and began to yawn. Brooks, very stolid again, consulted his watch. Half past ten, he told her.

"Well," she said, yawning again, "I don't suppose anyone's going to see the lights or pay any attention to them at this time of night. You might leave the small one on, on T.T.'s desk. Would that bother you?"

"Not at all," Brooks said. He attended to them, fussed around at the window for a couple of minutes, and then built up the fire quietly after she dozed off.

After a while, he went over and, with one side of his mouth curled up, examined the Thompson-Taylor portrait gallery, picture by picture. They were all nice-looking girls, if you liked their looks, but none of them had her kind of hair. None of them had her kind of grey eyes either. Nor that expression of freshness and humor.

The queer thing, Brooks thought, was that she didn't look or act like a Thompson-Taylor secretary at all. He had met four or five of those; he hadn't liked them. As a rule, they were very sleek-looking, and continuously in or out of the courts. Charley Thompson-Taylor had violent arguments concerning fur coats, or diamond rings or promised but unpaid allowances.

So Brooks knew the kind of girl this one was, despite appearances to the contrary. He walked back to the fire, looked down at her, felt himself getting depressed and impatient for some reason, grunted, and then sat down and composed himself for sleep.

After a while—after a long, uncomfortable and rather petulant while—he went to sleep. At eight o'clock in the morning he woke up again. Her chair was empty, but he heard her moving about in the kitchenette.

After he had washed himself and shaved with the Thompson-Taylor electric razor, he returned to the office and found her flourishing a frying-pan and egg-slice.

"How do you like your eggs done?" she said brightly, but without looking at him. She returned to the kitchenette, after he told her, and soon afterwards called him to breakfast.

The morning wore on, with the gale continuing unabated. No one came. He found out her name—Constance Wilson—and he played a couple of games of cards with her, and talked to her when they got tired of playing.

Later in the afternoon, after she gave up the cleaning woman for another couple of hours, she cooked some more bacon and eggs, and Brooks dried the dishes for her.

They went back into the office, and when Brooks got a symphony programme on Mr. Thompson-Taylor's built-in radio, she didn't ask him to get something livelier. She just said, "Oh, good!" and curled up in her chair as if she liked it.

It was unfair, of course. Why, Brooks wondered bitterly, did a girl like her have to do everything right — every single thing? She didn't move when the Emperor Concerto came on, when it got dark outside and dark in the room, when they sat there with the fire going not a sound anywhere but the music.

When it ended she turned slightly in the chair, giving him a very long and sober look.

She said in that fresh, clear voice of hers, the voice Charley Thompson-Taylor should never have heard—never: "You're a very strange sort of detective, Rodney Brooks. You can't open locks; you forget your gun; and the Emperor Concerto hypnotises you. Don't deny that either. It was all over your face." With a wry little smile, she added: "But it's queer to listen to music like that up here, isn't it?"

She was looking over at the portrait gallery, with an expression Brooks couldn't determine.

That was the first thing she did wrong, because he hadn't thought of the pictures for quite a while then; that spoiled everything.

"Pretty queer," he said. "I wonder what the chorus over there thought about it."

"The what?" She looked at him. "Oh! I suppose they were bored. You don't like them very much, do you?"

He lit a cigarette.

"No comment?" she said. She was demure now, and Brooks didn't like it. His eyes blazed, and suddenly he found himself telling her exactly what he thought of Charles Thompson-Taylor, and of girls who chased after men like that. Girls like her——

She jumped up. Her eyes were blazing. "Why, you—you big Cossack!" she said. "Girls like me! Just what did that mean? Just who do you think you're talking to?"

The door opened behind them. A cleaning woman came in. She put her mop against the wall, and looked around at them, dropped her pail, and screamed piercingly. She ran out. The little secretary ran out too. When Brooks tried to follow her, a scared-looking watchman tripped him up and then hit him over the head with a bunch of keys.

Please turn to page 34

ALFRED

"Alfred is absolutely right, mum. Tossing pennies, although seemingly innocent, may lead to the vicious habit which has brought many to ruin."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780002

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780003

Continuing . . . Paradise for Two

from page 11

HELEN sighed. "But I told you, I knew. I knew the arrangement was only temporary. That some day you might take him away to live with you. You might marry again and—and——"

"Give him another mother," he ended for her. "For that matter, you might marry yourself."

"True. Why not?"

"Thinking of it?"

"Not seriously, not lately."

Not lately. With a twinge of jealousy he thought of one or two neighbors he'd met here. That studious chap from up the road, that handsome boy who'd come in once or twice and hung round her.

A silence fell. He glanced down, tapping and tapping his unlighted cigarette on the arm of the chair. He said in a minute, and it was as though someone else were speaking, someone whose words he couldn't control: "There is another way out, of course. A very simple one . . . for me, as I said, to give him another mother and for that mother to be you."

Her eyes widened blankly. "Why . . . I don't quite see . . ."

He said shortly: "I don't want to take Peter away from you, but I'll certainly want to see a lot of him from now on. So I'm suggesting that a good way out of our difficulties would be for us to marry."

She gave an odd little laugh. "Just like that!"

"Well?"

"Are you being amusing?"

"No. I'm sorry you find it so. I thought . . . well, you've become practically Pete's mother and you seem very settled here, in this house . . . happy, and so on."

She said slowly: "All very good reasons. But there's one you haven't mentioned, the essential one."

"Listen, Helen, it's no use being all wide-eyed and unrealistic. You know as well as I do that girls marry for all sorts of reasons, not only love. And why not? The world's not such an easy place for a girl without money or a home or job."

Now the bargaining card was on the table! The house. Her job here. Security.

Suddenly she stood up.

"But you don't really think, do you, that you've got to marry me so you can see all you want to of Peter? Did you think I was going to resist his loving you? To put him against you, work on his feeling for me so as to keep him to myself? Why, I told him about you every day . . . every single day."

He was standing now, too, facing her. "Yes, I know. You gave me a great little build-up."

It was true. And since he came how subtly she'd made him someone in Peter's eyes, deferring to him in a quiet little way, leaving them alone together to get properly acquainted.

He said: "Well? . . . Well, what do you say?"

"Why, I've hardly had time to say anything yet, have I? There are—as you say—so many advantages."

A powerful current of emotion seemed to be flowing back and forth between them. Was it antagonism on her part for the pressure he was putting on her? He knew what it was on his—longing, blind longing for her.

Just then, while he waited, Mrs. Tolson came through the door behind them and across the verandah.

"Can I take the coffee things, Miss Helen?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tolson, you can take them." Helen spoke over her shoulder as she turned and went into the house.

Mrs. Tolson started putting the things together, glancing at Gregory, sensing something wrong. She regarded all men as not quite grown-up children, needing at all times to be humored.

She said—a platitude could always be depended on to soothe: "What a lovely evening. It's a pity you've got to go to-morrow, with the garden just at its best."

He murmured agreement, and, sighing sympathetically, she took up the tray and carried it in.

Gregory didn't see Helen again that night. She was away in the little room next to Peter's, sewing. He heard dimly the whirr of the sewing-machine, and sitting there on the verandah he could picture her bending over the shirt she was making for Pete.

If only, he thought, if only things were as they seemed! Helen his wife, this warm, comforting domestic atmosphere, her sewing, him sitting near, reading. And their boy asleep in the next room.

Why, he thought, you only had to see her, to hear her voice, to feel that life was good. Helen and Pete. The golden girl and the golden boy in their paradise for two.

But he meant to enter it, to share it somehow. And why not? Didn't he have something pretty considerable to offer in Pete and this house he'd installed her in? She needed all this, and he needed her.

And to look at it from another angle. How could he keep on coming down here now without creating a situation, without neighbors and people beginning to whip up a bit of scandal? The boss and his pretty housekeeper! Marriage was the only course for them both.

After all, she was twenty-six, and if she hadn't married before this, for an irresistible attraction, as the very young do—why, surely, on thinking it over she'd see the excellence of his suggestion.

He'd make her happy. Or, rather, he'd add to the happiness she already had by giving her all the rest—love, care, money, security, a husband to be there to take all the knocks, to smooth the way ahead — all the things that only marriage can quite give a woman.

Next morning Gregory was up before Helen and Peter. The sun was streaming into the dining-room, and through the open door floated the sound of their voices, Pete laughing, laughter as spontaneous as a bird's song coming out of a tree. There were pleasant homely sounds from the kitchen, heralding breakfast.

Between the windows stood an old walnut bookcase housing volumes of poetry, classics, and leather-bound editions of standard works. He pulled out a volume of Keats and flipped over the pages. Inside was a book-plate, a crest, and a name: Edgar Sinclair Somers.

Mrs. Tolson came in with a tray and began putting the breakfast things on the table.

Gregory held the book up. "Mrs. Tolson, who is Edgar Sinclair Somers? I mean, what relation is he to Miss Helen?"

She looked up from spreading the cloth. "That was Miss Helen's father." Her tone took on the gloom appropriate to talk of the dead.

"He died four years ago, just on. It was wonderful when Miss Helen decided to take Peter. You know how it is. She didn't need to work as her father left her everything. But she was kind of lost in this big house, with no one to be mindful for any more."

He looked at her blankly. His voice was blank, too. "In this house?"

"Yes. Of course, she could have let it, but she didn't want strangers in, because of the family living here always, pretty near. That miniature there was Mr. Somers' great-aunt, and that other one . . ." Mrs. Tolson talked on, about Miss Helen's great-grandfather, her family, her background . . .

When she went out Gregory stood like someone in a dream. No—no, it couldn't be true. This house was Helen's, and everything in it. He hadn't rented it for her. She had taken in and cared for his deserted child. He was in her debt, not she in his. He hadn't anything to bargain with. The boot was all on the other foot.

He stood still staring, trying to grasp the new situation. Now he realised that in these four years he'd heard only once from Brenda, at the very beginning, a telegram: "Pete settled happily. Nice house. Delightful girl."

Why hadn't he sensed the truth when he arrived, from the atmosphere of this place where generations of Helen's people had lived, died. He should have felt how the rooms were alive with their rich vital past. Something of her in them all.

Instead, his own past had fallen away, and the future had called to him instantly, clamorously, laying him open to the temptation to behave last night like a dictator.

Their voices sounded outside, Pete's high and insistent, hers sweet and thrilling.

Peter, brushed and shining, hurled himself on his father. "Daddy, can we go to the swimming-pool to-day?"

"Not to-day."

"Why can't we?"

"Good morning." Helen was dressed in a blue cotton frock. There wasn't an atom less friendliness in her smile. "What a lovely day! Come on, Pete, sit up. Here's your porridge."

Mrs. Tolson came in with the dishes and coffee.

Peter scrambled up to his seat, complaining: "Why can't we go to the swimming-pool to-day?"

"Because Daddy's going to town to-day, darling. We'll go next time he comes." Helen was tying the napkin round his neck, pouring milk into his plate.

Gregory went and stood by the table. He felt at that moment just about as grown up as his son. Why didn't she push in his chair, too, and tie a napkin under his chin?

When Mrs. Tolson had gone out, he said: "Well, Helen, I've got the facts straight this morning."

She glanced up quickly. "You mean——?"

"Yes, that's what I mean. I learnt them from a book of your father's, and Mrs. Tolson."

"Oh, well . . . It's not so very important, is it? You see—well, I felt lonely and lost without my father. Then Brenda told me about Peter. I'd known Brenda at school, and, hearing her talk, I felt such a fellow-feeling for the little chap. He was lonely and lost, too. It was a joy to me to take him, believe me."

"Sounds very simple, but it's not the whole point."

"Isn't it?"

"No. Depressing, isn't it, the way people go on repeating the pattern of their behaviour, making the same mistakes? Once before—and you'd have thought once was plenty!—I asked a girl to marry me when I knew she didn't love me. And then last night—why didn't you tell me the facts then?"

She looked at him with half a smile. "Surprise, I fancy. I just couldn't believe you didn't know."

"Why didn't you say: 'Get out of here—this place is mine. And Pete is mine because I love him and he loves me!' Anyhow, you win hands down. All I get—and I reckon I've earned it—is your contempt."

She said slowly: "Last night . . . did you think I was so blind that I couldn't see through all that 'sound commonsense' you talked?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the crash to your pride over Phillipa! I know, it did something to you, made you scared to offer a girl your heart again! Unless you wrapped it up in a nice parcel of worldly goods—like a love letter in a box of groceries."

"That's it. You're right there. Well, forgive me. You'll just have to forget it."

She didn't answer for a moment. She was looking down, putting Pete's plate closer. Then: "Forget it? A pity you want to do that."

"A pity? Why?" They faced each other breathlessly across the table, with Pete between solidly plying his spoon.

"Because," Helen said, "because when I came in just now my intention was to tell you that I accepted your offer."

"What?" He was round her side of the table now. "Darling, you can't mean it? You can't really mean you knew I'd fallen in love with you instantly, madly, at first sight?"

"I did. And that I had with you—just as surely."

He took her in his arms. Her mouth on his in that long kiss said it too.

And Pete clearly rated high a situation which left him in sole command of the sugar-bowl.

(Copyright)

BUTCH

"Sa-ay, that's a wonderful idea —sleighbells on the door."

HAZEL

Behind Locked Doors

Continued from page 32

THE watchman was burly and persistent, and because of that first blow he managed to get Brooks into a corner with his right arm twisted up behind him between his shoulder-blades.

The little secretary apparently had run herself down in the lift and gone home.

Of course, after everything had been explained, after the police released Brooks and brushed him off and made some funny remarks to one another, it seemed much the best way out of it. It was only about this time last night that Brooks had met her. Nothing developed as fast as that, he reflected very grimly. He could forget her now. Who thought he couldn't?

Back at headquarters, he explained things to his superior officer painfully. The way it happened, he said, not a muscle in his face quivering, was that this girl, this secretary of Charley Thompson-Taylor's, hadn't told him anything at all about a trick lock. So he went in there with her. Naturally! And then——

"Not his secretary," the inspector said. "He just married the latest one. The one you met was just some little stenographer. She rang here a couple of times on Saturday afternoon to find out where you were. Sounded angry."

Then it seemed to Rodney Brooks, even while he was staring at the other man, that he had known, not who she was, but who she wasn't, who she couldn't be. He wasn't a policeman for nothing. He phoned Charley Thompson-Taylor's manager and then his head stenographer.

About seven o'clock he had the right address. About seven-twenty a taxi dropped him off in front of it. It was a third-floor flat, and, after he rang the bell, not the little secretary, but a tall, dark, severe-looking girl with glasses confronted him.

Apparently she had heard all about him. She said at once nobody here wanted to see him. All right, he said. But all he wanted was a minute or half a minute. And he wasn't going to argue with her about that.—

The dark girl looked him up and down; then she went inside and slammed the door after her. Brooks rang again—loud, long. This time the little secretary appeared in a woolly bathrobe. The other one was just behind her.

If he wanted trouble, the other one said, he could have trouble. If he didn't get downstairs in just about three seconds——

The little secretary looked at Brooks; Brooks looked at her.

"Oh," the little secretary said, very suddenly and very crossly, "stop it, Ethel. You don't think I'm afraid of him, do you? Go inside. Go to bed." Then she slammed the door from Brooks' side.

"I'm sure I don't know why you came down here," she said. "I'm sure I don't know why you want to bother at all with a girl like me. Look at you. That hat and those shoes, and—— Don't tell me you walked over here in the rain."

Brooks was very humble. He was also careful enough not to tell her what he had found out at headquarters—to declare only, with appropriate huskiness, that it didn't matter whose secretary she was. How could it? When anyone felt about a girl the way he had just found out he felt about her——

"Oh, you can talk," the little secretary said. "But don't imagine it means anything to me. I know you too well. You seem to find out things very suddenly, don't you? Well, come in, if you want to come in. I've got coffee on. But don't forget that I'm so completely fed up with you——"

She opened the door again, for the third time. The dark girl, who was just inside, looked irritably at her and then irritably at Rodney Brooks.

"After all the talk I listened to," she said. "Now that's all forgotten, isn't it? As soon as he shows his face here, it's just come in, come in. Now it's——"

She stopped. She didn't have to go on, because Brooks knew what it was. It was, when the little secretary colored up and looked around quickly at him, something like the first movement of the Emperor Concerto. It was perfect.

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780004

"SUDDEN CHANGE" NEARLY THREW COLD WATER ON ROMANCE

NEXT WEEK

LEAD THE LIFEBUOY LIFE

See if you don't have more friends, more fun, more romance when you bathe daily with the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives *lasting, all-over* protection and that's what you need.

W.306.21

[ADVERTISEMENT]

UNITED STATES swoon-croon-boy, Tony Martin, has the right angle on life. Says Tony: "Never put off enjoyment—there's no time like the pleasant!"

* * *

My Aunt Eliza (the 1880 model with a 1947 outlook) says it pays to be kind. She's right at that. Figure it out for yourself. No one can be mean and happy any more than an orange can be sour **and** sweet.

* * *

Calling all men. If your wife suddenly disappeared and you had to get someone else to do her job, your advertisement might read like this: "Woman wanted to help in house. Eighteen-hour day . . . seven-day week. Sleep in. Must have knowledge of cooking, sewing, medicine, law, child welfare, elementary electricity, book-keeping, and men. Must be strong and willing. One who can help in the garden preferred. No wage, but all found.

* * *

"Australia's Amateur Hour" artists are spreading the programme's name across the world. There are Ereach Riley, Joy Hoodless and John Probyn, all singing in London. "The Discords" are on a six months' New Zealand tour. Aboriginal tenor Harold Blair leaves soon for America, where a one-year engagement has also been offered Ivan Diedrich. Quite a few more are off overseas in the next few months. It's a triumph for Australian talent and "Australia's Amateur Hour."

* * *

Lots of folks think they've had experience. Explorers. Grandparents. Mothers-in-law. Glamour girls. But personally I think experience is knowing how far you can go in washing a child's face before he starts to yell.

* * *

Saw lots of legs in a movie show t'other night. Nice. But my girl got jealous. Green about the eyes. She says a showgirl is only a build in a girdled cage.

* * *

ADVICE TO LOVELORN DEPT.: The easiest way to keep from falling in love is to try to find a house.

* * *

Is there a liniment salesman in the house? Radio host Harry Dearth has been dashing off to the country between Lux Radio Theatre and "Surprise Party" productions these school holidays—teaching his young offspring to ride.

* * *

My brother has had it. T'other night he gave his wife a lecture on economy. Any results? Sure. He's had to give up smoking.

* * *

ANSWER TO WORRIED WINNIE: So Mrs. Jones has a new dinner set. And you have to keep up with the Joneses. But you haven't the money. What'll you do? Take the china and glassware you **do** own, W.W., and dunk them in Rinso suds. They'll twinkle like the gleam in Grandpappy's eye. There's your answer, Winnie! Go to it.

Cheers dears,

Woof

Someone slipped 'em a packet of RINSO instead of the ball.

Be on the ball on washday with RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Z.341.21

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780005

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● The care of elderly parents often presents problems to grown-up sons and daughters.

These feel that their wives or husbands and children may have superior claims to consideration.

A WOMAN who thinks that she must put the welfare of her husband and children first, but who is deeply concerned for her mother's comfort, has writtten me asking for advice.

Here is her letter:

"I AM a married woman with a home and family of my own and am expected to make a place in it for my elderly bed-ridden mother, although we have barely enough room for ourselves. If I do so I feel it will be the end of any personal liberty I have, for in her illness I have waited on her hand and foot, and she knows I will continue to do that. Nor do I feel it will be fair to my husband and children; but although I have arranged for her to go to a convalescent home she refuses to go."

I sympathise deeply with the problem that is facing you. It is one that, at some time or another has had to be faced by a great number of daughters—and sons, too.

Naturally you want to protect your family from cramped quarters, lack of freedom, and the hundred-and-one limitations that will be placed on their normal existence by taking an invalid into the house.

But what you must remember is that she is your mother; and as she is elderly, perhaps may not have very much longer to live. If you made a decision that you felt at heart was failing her in her need, you would reproach yourself ever after.

If—after thinking the matter over very carefully—you feel that you can possibly have her, I say to do so. We all have our obligations. Your mother just now appears to be yours.

If, on the other hand, you feel that her presence will be too great a strain and unfairly endanger the happiness of your family, she must be made to understand by you or someone else that she cannot go to you, but must accept your alternative suggestion of a convalescent home, where she will be professionally taken care of, and you can visit her frequently.

* * *

"COULD you tell me what are the duties of a pageboy at a wedding? As well, the bride is considering having two bridesmaids and a flower-girl. Does this seem too many attendants?"

According to the wishes of the bride, pageboys may either be useful, and carry the veil or train, or decorative, and follow the bridal retinue up the aisle, standing at the side of the bridesmaids during the ceremony.

If they are expected to scatter petals in the path of the bride as she leaves the church, it is usual for them to remain in the porch in the care of their mother during the actual ceremony. As a rule, flower-girls and pageboys have the same duties, and wait or walk together.

The number of attendants suggested would not be out of place at a fairly large wedding.

"THROUGH being jealous and saying I was interested in someone else I only succeeded in making the man I really like turn to other girls for companionship. It IS only companionship, his best friend tells me, and I am the one he would really like to be with, although he never asks me out now and treats me on a purely friendly basis when we meet. I can see my mistake, but don't know how to get back on the old footing. Can you help me?"

The way back to your friend's alienated affection is not going to be easy, and you aren't going to find it simple to win back his confidence, having once shattered it. You will have to prove very convincingly that you did no more than gamble on a very old trick, which didn't work. As a start, you could do no better than let it be known through this mutual friend that you are anxious to resume your old relationship.

* * *

"OUR home life is made a misery by my father's ill-temper. He criticises me constantly, and when mother stands up for me she earns his disapproval, too. I am 16. To get away from this atmosphere of fault-finding I want to live with my married sister. Would you advise me?"

Why don't you for a few months try to forestall your father's criticism by being in every way the sort of daughter he would like to have? Then he cannot have any reason to criticise you, and your home will have a considerably more peaceful atmosphere. It is hardly fair that your mother should constantly act as a buffer between you and your father. If the plan doesn't work when you have given it a fair trial, you can then discuss going to your sister.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"BECAUSE he did not have enough money to offer me a home, the man with whom I used to think I was in love is trying to make money quickly by gambling. The result is that he never has anything and is very bad-tempered. I know him to be good-hearted and the sort of man who would make a faithful husband. Would you advise me to continue our relationship?"

If you are considering marrying this man, you must decide if what you want first and foremost is security and domestic harmony. This does not appear to be likely to be your lot with this man in his present frame of mind. The alternative seems to be the good-natured and faithful companionship of a husband who is at times irritable and an uncertain provider.

If you feel that you still love him and that he is worth waiting for, tell him so. Once the urgency of trying to amass enough money for you to be married immediately is removed, my guess is that he will once again become the man who made you love him.

* * *

"MY fiance wants to give me an eternity ring, but I am under the impression that these should be given only after marriage."

It does not matter when they are given, but I should keep it until you are married and can wear it with your wedding ring. It is usual for eternity rings to be worn by married women who have been given them by their husbands in celebration of an anniversary.

"WE are having a party to follow the christening of our baby daughter, but as some of our friends are of a different faith we are wondering if they should be invited to the party only, or to the church as well. Can you suggest what sort of party we should have, and do we give the godmother a small gift?"

My feeling is that all guests should be invited to the church and to the christening party. It is usual to have a cake, and this is cut by the baby's mother. Apart from this, there is no particular ceremony about such parties; they simply provide friends with the opportunity of congratulating the parents and drinking the baby's health. The gathering following the christening may take the form of the usual tea or cocktail party, according to the time of day and the parents' wishes. No gift is made to the godmother.

* * *

"WHEN a card accompanies a gift sent jointly by a married couple, does it look better for the wife to sign her name before her husband or the husband before the wife?"

There is no need for the husband and wife individually to sign their names. Whoever is writing the card puts the name of both people concerned. It is the accepted custom for the name of the wife to appear before that of her husband.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Hollywood labelled her "The Threat"

PUBLICITY agents in Hollywood had a field day when tawny-haired Lizabeth Scott came to town. They saw those hazel-green eyes, heard that deep husky voice and "The Threat" became an overnight sensation. Lizabeth entered drama school against parents' wishes. In effort to bring her home they cut her allowance but relented when she was offered job of understudying Tallulah Bankhead. Followed a modelling job with Harper's and thence to Hollywood! Now latest film is Paramount's "I Walk Alone."

TALL, TAWNY, AND TERRIFIC they say when Lizabeth swims and suns herself on famous Malibu beach. Asked how she safeguards her complexion against hot Californian sunshine she says: "I always depend on Lux Toilet Soap active-lather facials. I cover my face generously with the rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold, then pat dry." Wouldn't you like that Hollywood look yourself? Tests prove that 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with this simple care.

SULTRY-EYED SOPHISTICATE with one of the loveliest skins in Hollywood, Lizabeth Scott measures 5ft. 6in. Looks glamorous in everything from swim suits to evening gowns because her shapely limbs are as velvety smooth as her complexion: "My daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath leaves skin softer, smoother," says Lizabeth Scott. Did you know that 9 out of 10 film stars use this pure, white soap? Try it and watch *your* skin grow lovelier all over.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780006

The cool customer

is a Kool customer!

It's odds on that Eagley Kool is the favourite with the coolest man in the crowd. He's smooth, he's keen, he's ahead of the field in his air-conditioned Kool—the underwear that keeps him degrees cooler amid the welter of wilters.

There's a difference about Kool. It has an extra wide cellular mesh that encourages body heat to escape and perspiration to evaporate. The Vest is modelled like a T-Shirt, with short sleeves to protect your suit. And the trunks are multi-featured with every trick that adds to comfort — balloon seat, elastic hips, adjustable waist and lap-over finish. So breeze your happy way through summer, a cool customer in Kool.

A photograph four times magnified, showing the extra open mesh of the improved Kool fabric made for lightness, strength, and perfect air-conditioning.

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO

Eagley Kool

AIR CONDITIONED UNDERWEAR

EAGLEY MILLS
COLLINGWOOD • VICTORIA

Distributors for Australia:
ISHERWOOD & BARTLEET PTY. LTD. • ROBERT REID & CO. LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780007

Dance champions demonstrate ballroom steps

CORRECT POSITION in an ordinary dance. The man's right hand is placed under his partner's left shoulder blade. His left hand is held on a level with his ear. The girl's left hand is placed on the man's right upper arm.

RHUMBA POSITION. Dancers should stand eighteen inches apart and the girl is swayed back. Man's right hand is placed at the girl's waist. Her left hand is placed nearer the man's elbow than for the other dances.

NATURAL TURN IN WALTZ. The weight should be kept on the balls of the feet and the feet should be brought together during course of turn. Failure to do these things is common cause of overbalancing.

FEATHER STEP in the slow foxtrot. To do this correctly, man should turn his body towards his partner. Their right hips should be kept together.

World competition is their next contest

Jack Bosley and his wife, Joyce Morris, who have just won the Australian Professional Championship for the second year in succession, posed for these photographs, choosing steps and positions in which mistakes most frequently occur.

Repertoire of the average dancer is usually a waltz, slow fox-trot and quick-step, so these are the dances that Jack and Joyce chose to illustrate.

JACK and his wife have been married for five of the seven years they have been dancing in competitions.

He is 28 and she is 26.

They met in a dance studio.

In 1942, after they won the Victorian Amateur Championship, they turned professional and began teaching.

In the professional contest they have just won there were 600 competitors from all States, the biggest number ever to enter the competition.

The finals were held at the Exhibition Building, Melbourne, where, for the first time, a raised floor was erected to give the spectators a full view.

During the three nights of the contest audiences of 15,000 attended.

The winners practised for seven hours a day, and, as well, attended a gymnasium.

Bicycle pedalling and bar work were the main exercises.

They did not keep to any special diet, but took an egg flip daily.

Joyce recommends this as "good for the nerves."

Jack and Joyce are now eligible for the world title, and will leave for England in January to compete in the World's Dancing Championship.

Their expenses will be paid by the Australian Dancing Society.

They will be Australia's first representatives in the world contest.

CORRECT QUICKSTEP WALK. The leg must be swung from the hip. In the motion the body is carried forward, finishing up with the weight on that leg.

Johnson's GLO-COAT gives a new brilliant surface to lino, tiles or rubber floors—no polishing—it shines as it dries.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780008

THE BLUNTS: About a cup of coffee

"What I want is a proper pot of coffee,
Made in a proper copper coffee-pot . . ."

Weekly Feature
Written and Illustrated
By JILL BLUNT

DO you remember that song, rendered so delightfully by the Widow Twankey, I think it was, in a pantomime many years ago?

Well, with me it is a sort of little heathen prayer I chant to myself every morning when I am making the coffee.

It emerges as a frustrated wail for the unattainable. It isn't the copper coffee-pot I get so steamed up about, ours is pewter and it does nicely; but what I want is just a cup of coffee piping hot . . . just for once in my life.

When the first thunderous bellow of an enraged boy, the first indignant shriek of a wounded one, and the chatter and trill of assorted birds fuse and blast me from limbo, the only consoling thing I can think of is a cup of fragrant coffee.

Ignoring Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, battling for heaven knows what in the monkey-house they fondly refer to as their room, I make a beeline for the kitchen.

My gourmet friends tell me that I make glorious coffee. I make it very simply, and in the morning I imagine that I like it very black with a little hot milk, and that's as far as I get.

Now this morning as I tripped across to the kitchen, my ginger tartan slippers making no sound, I thought . . . "Ha, ha, I'll trick the little monsters. I'll have my coffee before they're up." With infinite tenderness, I made about a gallon of the finest brew, and settled down in a bar of sunlight to breathe in the seductive steam, when, to my utter horror, I heard the patter of little feet.

Chanting my little chant, though my heart was full of hate, I went to the door to behold two sweeps in pyjamas, asquash with black mud . . .

"What," I hissed, "is the meaning of this?"

Penny beamed whitely through his mud-mask. "We been sailing our ducks in the fishpond. You said we mustn't wake you up in the mornings, so we went down where you couldn't a heard us—you didn't, did you?; did you sleep well, darling?"

Taffy, reeking with innocence, added: "An' look, Jill, I'll bet you'll be pleased . . . there's frogs, an' you know those waterlilies . . .?"

Crouching ready to spring, I made a face like a boy-eating tiger . . . "GO! go, before I lose control . . . to the Bath! And if you get colds, my pretties, you'll stew in your own bacteria, I won't do a thing about you . . . s-s-s-s!!!"

They went, and I reached for my cup, but a horrid little wrinkled roof had formed over the coffee . . . "Yah!" I yelped aloud, and tossed it into the sink.

The sight of a fresh cup restored my good humor, I raised it gingerly to my lips; for it was very, very beautifully hot . . . "Jee-ool, Jee-ool, I haven't got a towill . . . Penny threw mine in the ba-arth."

Slamming the cup down, I beefed back, "Penny can get you one."

"Wot? I can't hear you."

"Beast!! Penny, get Taffy a towel."

"Wodjer say? The tap's runnink."

My roar or rage would have made a wounded bull sound like Mickey Mouse . . . Penny received my message, and replied cheerfully . . .

"I'm in the barf, too, and so's my towill, Taffy frew it in . . ."

Cup two followed cup one down the drain, with an indignant glugging, and I stomped off to get fresh towels. On the way I looked in on my husband, who was placidly shaving, to find out what he'd like for breakfast, and would he like a cup of nice hot coffee, and he would.

The bathroom was awash, but I'm used to that. I paddled about uttering threats, and distributing clean towels and singlets, and refrained only by the skin of my teeth from yanking the boys out of the water by their ears.

I ordered them to be dressed in five minutes for breakfast, for which they didn't want cereal, and they didn't want eggs, and they didn't want eggsinbacon, nor did they want grilled tomatoes, but apart from that they didn't mind what they had.

Cup three I would take with my husband in the littered cell we call a dressing-room; but when I got there papa thought it would be nice to have the papers, and while I was climbing a tree to get these from the fork where they'd caught, the boys came clamoring for clothes . . .

Would they wear holiday clothes or school clothes; well, they couldn't find anything in their drawers, did I expect them to look like sissies in corduroy; well, they wouldn't, if they were going to Tiffy's for lunch.

"GO! Go before I lose control . . . to the Bath."

I didn't give cup three another thought, but returned to the kitchen to make fresh coffee. While I made toast, and cooked eggs three different ways because I couldn't bear another scene, I tied shoe laces, found handkerchiefs, aired jumpers, sipped twice at cup four, and waved good-bye half a dozen times at the gate in a crescendo of exasperation as each of my dear ones returned for a pipe, a fruit, or a cricket bat.

"Whew!" I said, and was reheating the now loathsome coffee when the baker arrived . . . "One white and one brown, better look in the crock though; and if you want some coffee it's in the pot. I know it looks like a peat bog, and probably tastes worse . . . Blow!! there's the telephone.

"Yes, Julia? I was about to have my coffee . . . what? breakfast? me? No, I'm up to my fifth cup, and if I don't drink it while it's hot I'll be carried off screaming, I'll call you back . . . cheers, my dear."

How lovely it was in the sun, now for coffee, comics, and a cigarette, and who the dickens was this coming down the path . . . Mrs. Apple-tree with a lovely tray of buttons.

I bought two buttons, because the boys always want one each, and we discussed the ravages of the cut-worm on the saxifrage this year, and it's surprising what a lot can be said about it.

Alone again, I brooded over the dank, cold, brown puddle in my cup, and came to the conclusion that there was a conspiracy against me . . . I scarcely looked up when Alice popped up from behind the passion vine . . .

"Hello, snake, I s'pose you've come to swipe my lovely cup of coffee from my very teeth?"

"No, you poor lamb, but I thought perhaps the kettle might be on the hob. I've brought a tea cake."

"Okay," I sighed wistfully, "but I did want a cup of coffee." . . .

"I'll make you some," she offered . . .

"Don't!" I screamed.

Australian girls at U.S. University town

Former army hospital provides homes for ex-service students

By PHILIPPA DAY, in New York

Two Australian girls are living at Harvardevens Village in Massachusetts, U.S.A., run by Harvard University to house 270 families of returned soldier students.

THE Village is complete even to its own police force and is the largest of many student housing schemes by which American universities have solved their housing problems.

The two Australian girls there now are Mrs. Joyce Adams, formerly of Forest Lodge, Sydney, and Mrs. Audrey Goodwin, formerly of Newcastle, N.S.W. Their husbands are students at Harvard.

Australia isn't the only country outside the States represented. Students and their families come from as far away as Iceland, China, Belgium, and Austria, and study subjects as far apart as theology and business administration.

Governed by a council of students, Harvardevens Village has all the facilities of a model town. There's a general store with everything in it.

The wives come here daily to buy their stores and discuss their babies, for almost every couple has children. I've never seen so many brown and healthy babies in such proximity. There's a day nursery which about 40 attend.

There's a beauty parlor, barber, cleaner, library, infirmary, study rooms, arts and crafts rooms, dance hall, swap shop, reading lounge, and notice-board. I noticed on the board a sign, "Australian lamb's-wool coat for sale." They are popular here.

Housekeeping is shared by the students and their wives. The family wash is done mostly by the men, but it requires only the effort of putting coins in one of the eleven washing machines and studying anything from higher maths. to mineralogy while the machine soaps, rinses three times, and partly dries the clothes.

The night I arrived a dance was held in the hall. It was a spontaneous, laughing affair, because everyone knew everyone else.

Dances are held once a month, but there is not too much stress put on entertainment, because most students realise they have to catch up on Service years with hard work.

Most popular form of relaxation is the swimming pool. Most common sight there is the student holding his small, slippery offspring in the water on the palm of a large hand, saying, "Kick now. Daddy's got you."

The Village has a small maintenance staff. Most of the work, such as grass-cutting, window-cleaning, snow-shovelling and selling in the store, is done by students to supplement their G.I. income.

There are three miles of corridors arranged so that you can go anywhere within the town under cover. No apartment is more than 150 feet from a corridor entrance.

Manager Fletcher Taft, who is mayor, chief of police, judge, and glorified janitor rolled into one, told me this experiment in community living is entirely successful.

"There have been no major crises. Occasionally there is a minor theft, a wrangle over clothes-lines, but the all-over picture is excellent co-operation."

Every apartment has a living-room, kitchen alcove, bathroom, and bedrooms. If a student can show his rent is more than one-quarter of his income he gets a reduction.

Before the Federal Housing Authority made the Village, students were living in rooms round Boston at exorbitant rents.

During the war the Village was a 3000-bed general hospital at a permanent army camp. The War Department handed it over to the Federal Housing Authority, which spent about £30,000 converting it to single apartments.

After the hospital had been renovated, Federal Housing handed it over complete to Harvard. If Harvard makes money on it that goes back to Federal Housing; but so far it is not doing so.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

STOP PRESS: Don't miss October issue of—ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE—Now on sale, 1/- at all Newsagents.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780009

KIERON MOORE, who plays opposite Vivien Leigh in the Korda production of the famous Tolstoy play, "Anna Karenina." Moore is an Irish actor discovered by Sir Alexander Korda, who has cast him in three important films which are waiting to be released.

Actor Kieron Moore owes stardom to Korda

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

That shrewd cigar-smoking old wizard of the British screen, Sir Alexander Korda, has been keeping a bright new star—Kieron Moore—on ice for more than a year.

So far he has put this young man into three films, none of which has yet appeared in public to satisfy Britain's curiosity about him.

KORDA whisked him out of the cast of an Irish play when it came from Dublin to run in London. Sir Alex gave me many reasons why hefty, dark, twenty - two - year - old Kieron will be a screen sensation.

"Firstly," said Sir Alex, blinking behind his horn-rimmed glasses and drawing gently at his cigar, "he has a brilliant acting talent. Then he has six-feet-two of brawn, a mobile photogenic face, rich expressive eyes, and ability to adapt himself to any type of role—ultra-romantic or the last word in villainy. Very soon he will be one of the big names on the world's screens."

Sir Alex must believe this or he wouldn't have put Kieron into three highly expensive pictures in succession without waiting to test public reaction.

I met London Films' new star resplendent in a blazing uniform, designed to impress Vivien Leigh, when I walked on to the set of "Anna Karenina," in which Kieron Moore has the highly coveted lead as Vivian's lover Vronsky—and for that reason alone is assured of making box-office news.

Towering above those around him, Kieron lounged against a piece of scaffolding, cracked jokes with studio carpenters, nibbled at a fruitless fruit cake, and gave his opinions about everything from acting technique to fan mail.

"I don't like the methods of those people who make a fetish of casual acting," he said. "One can be too subtle and too inclined to throw away one's lines. I believe in reserving a little forcefulness in stage methods, too, and adding it to the more intimate technique you require in front of the camera."

In his first film Kieron stepped straight into a stellar role opposite Australian star Margaret Johnston. The film is adapted from Francis Brett Young's famous novel "A Man About the House," and Margaret became straightway one of his admirers.

For the second part of his big build-up Sir Alex Korda cast Kieron in another villainous role as a nerve-shattered flier who suffers from a split personality and turns killer. Burgess Meredith was brought from Hollywood to play the part of Kieron's doctor.

Now Kieron is rejoicing in a new test of his acting powers with his role as the romantic, dashing young lover of Tolstoy's novel. As soon as the filming is completed, he tells me, he and his young English film-star fiancee Barbara White will marry.

In Italy he would quite easily pass for an Italian. It was his Latin looks that won Kieron his first film role.

His ambitions range even beyond the things that London Films plan for him. "I want to find time to learn French, because it has always been a dream of mine to make films in France," he said. He will have to use some super charm to wheedle his way into that field. Britain has a seven years' lease on his acting life, according to the contract he recently signed.

His hobbies fit him for most of the roles an imaginative producer might think up. Kieron rides well, swims better, is a great fencing enthusiast, plays the guitar, and makes a formidable back at football. Nor will he need a stand-in for rough-and-tumble parts.

British boxer Dave Crowley trained Kieron Moore for a cliff-top brawl in his first picture. The big Irish star mixed it so well that all the pugilists gathered round and watched. Crowley rang up Britain's biggest boxing promoter to announce a boxing find, but Kieron laughed and said, "Oh no, it's films for me."

From recent e xhibitions of fan fever at film premieres, it looks as though Kieron will need all this ability to cope with the mobbing crowds.

But he has an attitude to fans that many other stars would do well to copy. "If cinema-goers who pay to see me want to know anything about me, then they are entitled to do so," he smiled. "The day I start to ignore my film fans will be the day I am finished as an actor."

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ SPECTRE OF THE ROSE

REPUBLIC'S experiment in giving author-producer Ben Hecht a chance for a film on the ballet is on the whole a success, its credit coming from individual performances and not from any spectacular ballet scenes.

Hecht was fortunate in having the services of ballet dancers Ivan Kirov and Viola Essen.

Kirov, a handsome young man and a superb dancer, is ably seconded by the sensitive acting and graceful dancing of Viola Essen.

Faults of the film are its excessive wordiness at times, while Hecht indulges in epigrams of the Oscar Wilde type.

A grim little story set round the ballet of the film's title describes the mental degeneration of the male ballet star and his tragic leap to death after several attempts to murder his wife and co-star.

The scenes in which Kirov, as Andre Sanine, dances madly round a hotel room when he becomes finally insane are the ones which audiences will remember, rather than the stage reproduction of the title ballet.

Satirising many situations usually associated with ballet, Hecht also has given Judith Anderson and Michael Chekov two good roles as the ballet mistress and the optimistic but unfinancial producer.—Savoy; showing.

★★ PAULA

IF Columbia had tightened up the opening sequences of this drama starring Glenn Ford, the result would have been a first-class thriller, because young Ford turns in a grand job, and, as the film develops, direction, script, and acting by all concerned are on a high level.

Faintly reminiscent of "The Maltese Falcon" at times, the story concerns the attempt by a scheming beauty (Janis Carter) and a banker (Barry Sullivan) to embezzle a fortune from Sullivan's wife and to frame ne'er-do-well Ford. The plot thickens when Ford and Miss Carter fall in love, but justice is done all round.—Victory; showing.

★★ CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA

SCENIC charms of Costa Rica are authentically displayed by Fox in a musical with highlights in technicolor and low level in story value.

Producer Bacher took the company headed by Vera Ellen, Dick Haymes, Celeste Holm, and Cesar Romero to Central America, and cameraman Harry Jackson has done justice to all concerned.

The tepid little story wobbles on about two young Costa Ricans (Vera Ellen and Romero) who object to their marriage arranged by their parents. Arrival of Dick Haymes and Celeste Holm provides more acceptable romances.

Lots of music and dances make the film screening time pass pleasantly, especially when they are in the hands of Vera Ellen and crooner Haymes.—Plaza; showing.

★★ SONG OF SINBAD

FOR modern audiences who like to be wafted off on a carpet of fantasy to the Arabian Nights era, RKO provide a technicolor escape film starring Douglas Fairbanks and Maureen O'Hara. For older fans it inevitably will bring nostalgic memories of the swashbuckling screen stories of the late Douglas Fairbanks, sen.

The story tells of Sinbad's mythical eighth adventure, and has him dashing in and out of Sultans' palaces, sailing off to islands in search of treasures, defeating villains and falling in love with fabulously beautiful Maureen O'Hara. All of this is done with typical Fairbanks flamboyance.—Plaza; showing.

★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY

COLUMBIA'S first film for Ron Randell made in Hollywood cannot be regarded as anything more than a "quickie," made at low cost and in a hurry.

It says much for the Australian actor that he makes the part of Peter Drummond in this poor continuation of the famous "Sapper" stories seem very real.

In a cops and robbers theme about stolen jewels Ron has the able support of lovely blonde Anita Louise and young Terry Kilburn.—Capitol; showing.

Studio budgets slashed

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

MORE and more studios are slashing their budgets owing to the English tax, and are planning less expensive pictures.

Universal decided to make "Up In Central Park" in black and white instead of in technicolor as planned previously.

Many contract players are being dropped, with small-salaried newcomers getting important parts formerly given to high-salaried freelance players.

The economy wave is blanketing studios, with office personnel being greatly reduced.

Most studios have few pictures planned, but Columbia starts fourteen low-budget films next month with old standbys like "Blondie," "Bulldog Drummond," and "Lone Wolf" series taking on new importance.

Most studios have shelved ambitious plans for shooting expensive costume pictures abroad with huge location costs.

GREER GARSON, shopping in Beverly Hills, told me that she is waiting for her mother to finish a picture role so they both can start a beach vacation. Greer said, "Usually Mother must wait for me, but now she has started a movie career by taking part in the Metro production entitled 'On An Island With You.'" Mrs. Garson works in a scene with Esther Williams.

* * *

ODDEST occupation of the week is Larry Parks' fascinated attendance at a local nightclub where performer Sammy Wolf does an imitation of Larry imitating Al Jolson. Larry is so impressed he attends nightly, and told me he will rehearse the routine of Larry Parks imitating Sammy Wolf imitating Larry Parks as Al Jolson.

BURT LANCASTER, new American star, who has the romantic lead in Paramount's technicolor "Desert Fury" opposite Lizabeth Scott. Lancaster was a circus acrobat, was discovered by producer Mark Hellinger.

MERLE OBERON and her husband, Lucien Ballard, have a willing model in their young kitten when Merle tries the effect of a ribbon collar and bow on it. Merle is starring for RKO in "Memory of Love."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

STAISWEET—"Stay as sweet as you are" with STAISWEET, the deodorant you can trust—STAISWEET

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780010

No. 4 in a series showing newest Grafton Anti-Shrink designs

The lovely ballet of a dream . . . "Les Sylphides" . . . inspired this lingerie rayon by Grafton Anti-Shrink. In misty soft pastels for nighties and lovely wisps of underwear. You can purchase Grafton's special lingerie rayons by the yard (with the words "Grafton Anti-Shrink" printed along every yard of the selvedge) in smart stores everywhere.

Grafton
ANTI-SHRINK
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Cannot Shrink • Cannot Stretch • Cannot Fade • Easy to Wash • Easier to Dry • Easiest to Iron

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780011

Greatest Artists — Finest Recordings

For many years, this familiar picture and the words, "His Master's Voice," have symbolised all that is best in musical art of every kind. "His Master's Voice" records provide the means for endless enjoyment in the intimacy of your home, where you can command an ever-changing programme performed by those artists whose interpretations are world-famous. "His Master's Voice" artists of the present generation include—

CONDUCTORS	SINGERS	ORCHESTRAS
John Barbirolli	Marian Anderson	B.B.C. Symphony
Sir Thomas Beecham	Jussi Bjorling	Berlin Symphony
Sir Adrian Boult	Beniamino Gigli	Boston Symphony
Eugene Goossens	Joan Hammond	Halle
Serge Koussevitzky	Alexander Kipnis	London Philharmonic
Rafael Kubelik	Lauritz Melchior	N.B.C. Symphony
Eugene Ormandy	Heddle Nash	Philadelphia
Sir Malcolm Sargent	Elisabeth Schumann	Philharmonia
Leopold Stokowski	Maggie Teyte	San Francisco
Arturo Toscanini	John Charles Thomas	Vienna Philharmonic

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Claudio Arrau	Benno Moiseiwitsch
E. Power Biggs	Ginette Neveu
Alexander Brailowsky	William Primrose
Pablo Casals	Sergei Rachmaninoff
Alfred Cortot	Ossy Renardy
Emanuel Feuermann	Arthur Rubinstein
Jascha Heifetz	Artur Schnabel
Myra Hess	Solomon
Vladimir Horowitz	Budapest String Quartet
Yehudi Menuhin	Pro Arte Quartet

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

C.18/47

THE GRAMOPHONE COY. LTD. (Incorporated in England), HOMEBUSH, N.S.W.

1 POWERFUL GANGSTER Roman (Steve Cochran) is surrounded by employees at Miami home when bodyguard Gino (Peter Lorre) arrives to announce visitor, Chuck (Robert Cummings).

2 ESTABLISHED AS CHAUFFEUR, Chuck is soon attracted by Roman's wife Lorna (Michele Morgan), who tells him stories of her husband's cruelty.

THE CHASE ... mystery drama

SEYMOUR NEBENZAL'S production of Cornell Woolrich's psychological mystery drama is released through United Artists.

It is a strange story of a disillusioned, penniless war veteran, whose finding of a wallet of notes leads him to the home of a notorious gangster and a long series of adventures in which truth and fiction seem to be hopelessly complicated.

French actress Michele Morgan, who plays opposite Robert Cummings, was provided with a glamorous wardrobe by the Hollywood designer, Peter Tuesday.

It is her first American film appearance for more than two years, as she retired to have a child, and later made a film in France.

3 PLAN TO ESCAPE by Chuck and Lorna succeeds, and they travel together by ship to Havana to live there.

4 QUICK REVENGE comes from Roman when Lorna is stabbed mysteriously and Chuck is arrested for murder.

5 CLAIMING INNOCENCE, Chuck accompanies police to curio shop to prove that stiletto used to kill Lorna was different from one he had been seen buying there the day before for protection.

6 NAVY INTERVENTION shows Chuck as war neurosis case who has mixed dream with real life, and doctor (Jack Holt) helps him find truth of situation.

COLDS GET BETTER FASTER!

WHEN YOU FIGHT THEM BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

There's no waiting for relief when you rub VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. And how children love it!

FIGHTS COLDS INSIDE

INHALED VAPOURS released by body warmth and breathed in, start to clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and relieve coughing the very minute VapoRub is applied. And—

FIGHTS COLDS OUTSIDE

LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub starts immediately to work on the skin, warming away tightness and pain and "drawing out" congestion.

This "inside-outside" action works for hours ...while the child sleeps comfortably. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS VAPORUB

THANK YOU DOCTOR

I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere

in unbreakable plastic tubes. F.1.4

FORD PILLS

HERCULES

Fine Quality

Sheets & Pillowcases

MADE IN ENGLAND BY

Joshua Hoyle

Agents - - F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780012

Baby gets *ALL* the nourishing goodness from these infants' foods . . .

. . . because they are *easily digestible*

NESTLÉ'S EXCLUSIVE SPRAY PROCESS now used in the manufacture of Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen has brought about a major advance in the science of infant feeding. It is a fact that milk in the process of digestion forms a curd, and ease or difficulty of digestion depends upon the size and toughness of this curd. Now, because of this new and exclusive manufacturing process, Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen form a finer, softer curd that is easily assimilated and digested by baby's delicate digestive system.

In addition, Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen give baby the essential food elements necessary for vigorous, sturdy development in a correctly balanced, completely safe and easily prepared form. Vitamins 'A' and 'D' are added to guard against infection and promote sound growth; organic iron, in the correct proportion, is included to protect against anæmia; hermetically sealed tins ensure full protection against dust or germ contamination; and with these foods you just place the required amount on top of warm (previously boiled) water, stir briskly and baby's food is ready.

Natural feeding for baby is best of all, of course, but when breast milk fails or requires supplementing Vi-Lactogen is the perfect alternative; and for the older baby Lactogen is the safe, certain choice.

★ FREE MOTHER BOOK

CUT OUT AND POST TO NESTLE'S OFFICE AT YOUR NEAREST CAPITAL CITY. Please send me (post free) a copy of the Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book.

Name _____

Address _____

VI-LACTOGEN and LACTOGEN

for the younger baby — *as baby grows older*

NESTLÉ'S PRODUCTS

COPYRIGHT A.463

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780013

Who called me "Tasma"?

The most fascinating and robust "baby" in Australia is called *Tasma*. There have been nine generations of Tasma Baby radios . . . each outstanding, but each more brilliant than the last. The newest and most attractive arrival now awaits adoption from your nearest Tasma retailer. It's a "Baby" that alters opinions.

Model 1001: 4-valve, A.C., broadcast	£18	18 0
Model 1005: 5-valve, A.C., broadcast	21	0 0
Model 1075: 4-valve, bat., broadcast	25	4 0
Model 1010: 5-valve, A.C., triple-wave	26	10 0

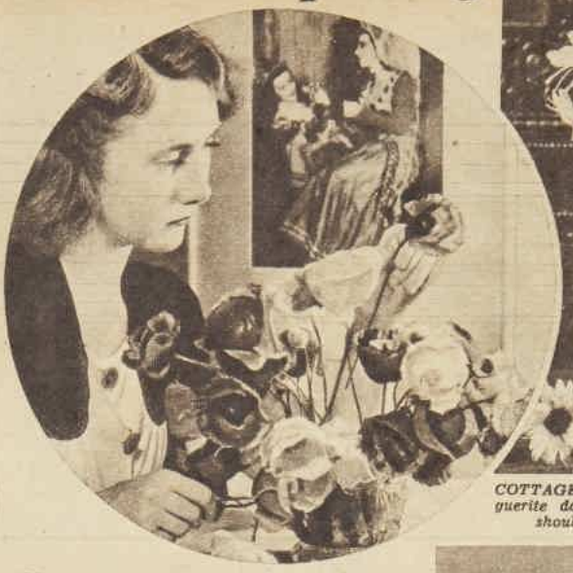
Prices slightly higher in North Queensland and Western Australia.

Tasma detail-built RADIO

THOM & SMITH PTY. LTD.

TA17

Floral simplicity



GRACEFUL. Tall Shirley poppies in deep reds and pastels repeat the colors of picture in background and give additional charm to the room.

COTTAGE TOUCH. Yellow, brown-centred marguerite daisies are long-lasting blooms. Water should be changed daily, stems snipped.

GLOWING COLOR. Nasturtiums arranged in flattish bowls with their own green leaves can make gayer any room in the house.

MIXED BEAUTY. An old blue glazed teapot full of color for hall or living-room. Blue, white, and yellow flowers help to balance the colors in bowls of mixed blooms.

YOUR BLOOD GROUP

By MEDICO

AS I looked down at the smiling face of Mrs. W. with her day-old baby I was thankful for the advances of modern medical science which had saved her life.

Thanks to sedative capsules, she had slept peacefully through the previous afternoon and evening. She had not realised, until I told her, that she had received a blood transfusion within an hour of her baby being born.

"You can be very thankful for this," I said. "As you know, I made you have your blood group tested. This told me that you were Group A and Rh. negative, which made it possible to select a donor of the same group. The blood you lost when the baby was born was replaced before your system had felt the effects. If we had been delayed for the extra hour or two it would have taken to test you for your blood group at midnight, the story might have been different."

"Does a blood group ever change?" she asked.

"A blood group is as permanent as the color of your eyes," I told her. "You will not need to be grouped again in your life."

"By the way, doctor, what is the importance of this Rh. you speak of in the blood-group test? What does it mean?"

"Simply speaking," I said, "the term Rh. signifies a special type of blood-grouping as distinct from that of normal blood-grouping. In fairly recent blood tests it was discovered that about 85 per cent. of the population are what is termed Rh. positive, and the remaining 15 per cent. Rh. negative; that is, 15 per cent. of the population suffer, broadly speaking, a blood deficiency. When it is found necessary to give a blood transfusion—as in your case—this scientific knowledge helps to safeguard life."

Leaders in this field of medical science in Britain and America are definite that every woman should know her blood group, including her Rh. group. Some authorities go as far as to say that it should be a law. She should have a permanent record signed by a pathologist. This record should be shown to the hospital matron when entering a hospital and entered on her hospital records. This is an example of modern health insurance.

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

Duralife

SOLID DRAWN Aluminium Ware

Here is the long-wearing SOLID DRAWN heavy-weight line of aluminium kitchen ware. It contains 20% more metal than spun-ware . . . is harder, stronger, longer lasting.

"Duralife" saucepans, because they are SOLID DRAWN, have heavy, resilient walls; will not easily go out of shape.

This means tight-fitting lids throughout the whole life of the saucepans. The lids themselves are of special, hygienic, germ-proof design.

SOLD ALL OVER AUSTRALIA

Whistling Kettle: Heat-proof handle. —It's solid drawn.

Boiler: Heat-proof handle. — It's solid drawn.

Teapot: Heat-proof handle. — It's solid drawn.

Canisters: Off and on the shelf for 20 years. Solid drawn.

MENTHOIDS *are back*

MENTHOIDS *contain Thionine—the great system cleanser.*

MENTHOIDS *for Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney-Bladder Weaknesses and High Blood Pressure.*

Month's treatment with Diet Chart, 6/6, or 12-day flask, 3/6, at chemists or stores.

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
• • •
BOILS
• • •
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and sore throat.

Apply an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Effective and soothing for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to a sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition. It is also effective for boils. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at your chemist or store to-day.

LONGER LIFE FOR

★ LIQUID lip-glo GOES TWICE AS FAR WITH .... Free POST WAR RECHARGE PHIAL!

★ LIQUID lip-glo WITH FREE RECHARGE PHIAL!

3/6 ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

PHILIP DARE COSMETICS BOX 442 GPO ADELAIDE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780014

A CIGAR-BOX AND MATCHES are the basic materials used in making this utility handbag. A piece of material 12 inches by 18 inches is required to cover the box.

Novelty handbag

● A cigar-box, plenty of used matches, a scrap of fabric, and you have the materials for an unusual handbag.

REQUIRED: Matches, an old cigar-box, oddment of material approximately 12in. by 18in., good quality gum or glue, and two strips of leather for handle.

Remove the paper labels from the cigar-box. Do not remove the hinge.

Cut the blackened tops from matches and grade them for color and length. Glue these to top front of lid, allowing the tops to project slightly over the edge (see pictures).

Next glue matches to the front of box (which the lid meets when closed), allowing these matches to just meet those on lid.

Now run a row of matches along the front base of box with their ends neatly meeting those glued to front. Gum others to the front sides of the box at right angles, i.e., horizontally (note top-left picture).

Iron out the covering fabric so that it has two central pleats running lengthwise about three inches apart (top-left picture). Gum one side of the fabric to the base of box, allowing edges slightly to cover ends of the matches. When dry, take fabric round box to the match base of lid, and glue down, allowing sufficient slack for the lid to be opened and closed. Snip material at corners (as you would in covering a book), and fold material over each end, and glue flaps to inside of box; also fold down flaps to inside of lid and glue.

To make the inside of the box attractive, glue pieces of pretty silken fabric to the bottom and sides of box.

Most cigar-boxes have a thin sheet of cedar loose inside which can be glued to the inside of the lid to cover up the gummed cloth. If not, line with fabric and glue down carefully.

Stick a small mirror to the inside lid, and your purse is complete, but for the handle. This can be made by cutting two equal strips of leather (old Army boot-laces can be used). Place the ends about six inches apart vertically from the horizontal matches covering ends of the fabric. The loops not only serve as handle, but keep your purse closed.

Should you wish to add a novel finish to your bag, a little additional trouble in arranging the matches where the lid meets the box (when closed) will well repay the effort. The idea is to make the matches on lid and the box interlock. To do this, allow the matches on the end of the box to overlap the edge slightly. Break off each alternate match level with the edge (as shown in picture at lower right). Do likewise with the lid matches, taking care that the projecting "heads" match the shorter ones on box.

AN ADVANTAGE of this home-made handbag is the shallow depth, which makes fumbling unnecessary. Attach a small hand-mirror to the lid of the box for quick make-up repairs.

GARDENING BRIEFS

SPRING is here, and that possibly means aphides on your roses. Spray well with nicotine sulphate and soapy water.

★ ★ ★

REMOVE spent flowers from bearded irises and they will be of better appearance and more buds will form.

★ ★ ★

DON'T let daffodils or other narcissi go to seed or bulbs will be greatly weakened.

★ ★ ★

FOLIAGE of daffodils and jonquils should never be cut down to the ground. When leaves are dead and brown, around December, is the time to lift and store bulbs.

★ ★ ★

PORTULACA makes a fine show on scorching hot days. Sow the seed thinly, and thin out to about six inches apart for a brilliant display.

★ ★ ★

TOMATOES can be planted out fairly safely everywhere now. It is advisable to give them some protection in districts subject to late frosts.

—By OUR HOME GARDENER.

BIG BUSINESS!

When shillings are put away regularly they become "big business" in any savings account, so start saving now.

At current interest rates a regular deposit of 1/- a week would amount —

in 5 years to £13/12/1
in 10 years to £28/12/2
in 15 years to £45/ 3/6
in 20 years to £63/ 9/4

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK

THERE'S A BRANCH OR AGENCY IN YOUR DISTRICT

C.S.B.19.82

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!

Nagging Backache may be Nature's warning that your kidneys need attention.

What a relief when backache disappears, through the natural alleviating function carried out by Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous wastes from the blood, restore healthy kidney action, and so end the misery of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

If your pains are accompanied by frequent or poor kidney action, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. So act quickly.

Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic manufactured to rigid standards of purity, and used successfully by millions for over 50 years.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES ALL OVER THE WORLD!

DOAN'S

BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co., Buffalo, New York; London; Sydney.

DP2/R/7

What is your HANDICAP?

What are you getting out of life? Do you feel that all the richest prizes — health, success, happiness —are beyond your grasp? Tiredness, depression, and the worn-out feeling caused by strain, overwork and worry may be handicapping you from the start. If work and worry are getting you down, it's time you had WINCARNIS, the "quick action" tonic. WINCARNIS makes you feel brighter, more alert and vigorous. Right from the first sip you can feel it doing you good because WINCARNIS is rich in basic elements and nourishing foods, which enrich the blood, fortify the nerves, and tone up the whole system. A wonderful tonic for men and women of all ages, endorsed by many thousands of recommendations from medical men. Your chemist sells it. Ask for a bottle to-day. WINCARNIS, the "Quick Action" tonic.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 3/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½), from Hallams Pty., Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

RELIEF!

BLOTCHY SKIN

marred by spots, rashes and pimples is quickly cleared by Cuticura Ointment. It assures skin health. Always keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment in the house. Good for cuts, bruises and sores. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 53)

Cuticura OINTMENT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780015

"First.. OUR MALVERN STAR REFRIGERATOR

"We couldn't possibly do without it! It's a wonderful investment —and we took advantage of the Malvern Star Easy Payment Plan, so it hasn't been any strain on our pockets!"

With a Malvern Star Refrigerator, food preparation and preservation become a new, delightful experience. Mouth-watering delicacies, succulent poultry, meats, salads, eggs, milk, cream and fish—all can be kept farm-fresh for use just when you want them.

All-steel, rust-proofed, welded cabinet, baked enamel finish • Thick, moisture-proof insulation • Seamless, acid-resisting, fused porcelain lining in food chamber • Two ice trays • Rustless shelves • Cold chest for highly perishable foodstuffs • Utility door basket • Completely insulated, perfectly balanced door, with heavily chromed hinges and handle; large balloon-type live rubber gasket door seal • 5 years' guarantee • 12 months' free service.

Malvern Star Electric Refrigerator, "Maisonette," 3.6 cu. ft. Malvern Star Electric Refrigerator, "Malvon," 5 cu. ft. Malvern Star Electric Refrigerator (Hermetically Enclosed Unit), 7.5 cu. ft. Prices from £100/17/6 in Sydney, N.S.W. (Prices elsewhere adjusted to include freight and packing.)

"Now.. OUR MALVERN STAR ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

"It's just arrived! Now we can say our home is really complete. It's wonderful to realise that all that Monday morning drudgery is gone forever—and we're using the Malvern Star Easy Payment Plan for this, too!"

Washing becomes the easiest job in the home! This modern wonder takes care of the biggest wash without any trouble . . . it actually washes 54 lbs. of clothes (dry weight) at the cost of approximately one penny! Efficiently, carefully, economically, and without any effort on your part, the Malvern Star Electric Washing Machine does the work for you in a fraction of the time you'd take to do it by hand.

Fused porcelain enamel glass-like tub interior • Corrosion-proof agitator • Automatic wringer, with eight different locking positions, special safety touch release • Rustless lid, with snug rubber gasket • High-grade steel body finished with glossy hard-wearing cream lacquer • Precision-built motor, mounted on rubber • Sealed mechanism, self lubricating • Every machine guaranteed • 12 months' free service.

Price in Sydney, N.S.W., £62/13/-. (Prices elsewhere adjusted to include freight and packing.)

Whether it be Refrigerators, Washing Machines, Radio, Complete Electric Home Cleaners or Cycles . . .

You'd be better on a

Malvern Star

BRUCE SMALL PTY. LTD.

CITY ADDRESSES: *MELBOURNE:* 283 ELIZABETH ST. *SYDNEY:* 750 GEORGE ST. AND 40 PARK ST. *BRISBANE:* 440 QUEEN ST. AND 184-190 ELIZABETH ST. *NEWCASTLE (N.S.W.):* 541 HUNTER ST. *ADELAIDE:* 59 PULTENEY ST. *PERTH:* 38-40 FORREST PLACE AND 222A WILLIAM ST. *HOBART:* 95-97 ELIZABETH ST.

More than 107 Branch Stores and over 1,200 authorised distributors throughout Australia to provide all your cycling requirements.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780016

In this tiny handbag phial you can buy Goya's great perfume 'Heather' . . . peaty . . . tweedy . . . flowery.

MADE IN ENGLAND BY
Goya
151 NEW BOND ST · LONDON · W1
DISTRIBUTOR
Rosswell (Pty Ltd) Commercial Union Chambers, 409 Collins Street, Melbourne

BUTTON COVERING AND BUCKLE EQUIPMENT
Dies and Machines now available for Dressmakers—Clothing Manufacturers. We teach you to make Half Ball, Flat Acorn, Full Acorn and Ring Edge Buttons.
Call or write to
Pankys'
209a Castlereagh Street, SYDNEY. PHONE M 1549

Children eagerly take this
CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED LAXATIVE

Not only is Yeaston-Lax an effective, easily-taken corrective for children, but it also contains the two essential Vitamins, B1 and B2, that are so often missing in our modern diet. In fact, lack of these important vitamins is the greatest single cause of Irregularity. Yeaston-Lax is particularly suitable for children for it is effective, yet, at the same time, safe and gentle in its action.
The first sign of Irregularity in children should not be ignored—it can quite easily be a symptom of one of the many ailments due to Vitamin Deficiency. Give the kiddies Yeaston-Lax—its laxative ingredient relieves Irregularity gently and safely, and the medicinal yeast induces normal functioning and helps form the regular habits that are so necessary for growing children. It's a simple matter to get kiddies to take Yeaston-Lax—they're attracted by its definite chocolate flavour.
Yeaston-Lax is equally effective and pleasant to take for adults. It not only relieves Irregularity, but it aids in removing the cause of Indigestion, Boils, Abcesses, Nervous Debility, Fatigue, Blood Disorders, etc., which can be traced to Vitamin Deficiency. Yeaston-Lax is in convenient tablet form and is available at all Chemists and Stores in handy-sized bottles.

YEASTON-LAX
The Vitamin Treatment for Irregularity

Bottles of 24 1/6
Bottles of 48 2/6

★ To maintain regular habits and prevent recurrence of constipation, it is advisable to continue treatment by taking Yeaston Plain Tablets, which differ only in that they contain no added Laxative. 7553

MISS THELMA BESANT, beauty adviser to Princess Elizabeth, models the newest shade in lipstick and a wide-brimmed black felt hat specially designed for her by Aage Thaarup.

Australian advises Princess Elizabeth on make-up

● Make-up and beauty adviser Miss Thelma Besant told Anne Matheson, of our London staff, that the Princess has one of the three most beautiful complexions in England.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

ACCORDING to her the other two are Queen Elizabeth's and Princess Margaret's.

Tall, handsome Thelma Besant comes from Melbourne, and was preparing to return there when she was interviewed. She is an authority on skin care and beauty education. She has travelled widely in the United States, Europe, and the Dominions for Cyclax, of London.

Making regular visits to Buckingham Palace, she guides Princess Elizabeth on make-up and gives an occasional beauty treatment.

"Princess Elizabeth is clever with make-up," Miss Besant says. "She uses very little, and that so discreetly and well that her glowing, natural look is the envy of all who see her."

But, like every modern girl, she knows the necessity for skin care.

It was shortly after the Princess officially came of age (on her 18th birthday) that Miss Besant was first summoned to the Palace to help her to select the proper creams, powder colors, and lipstick tones.

"I found her easy to talk to, and was most impressed by her quick grasp of the essentials of beauty care," Miss Besant said.

Utter lazy relaxation is so integral a part of all beauty treatments that the Princess asked Miss Besant to come to the Palace, where, before a fire in the calm, restful atmosphere of the Royal bedroom, beauty treatments were given.

Planned to restore freshness, the facials begin with surface cleansing, followed by deep message to release muscle tension.

"I don't give Princess Elizabeth many facials," Thelma Besant said, "but when I do she invariably remarks how rested she feels."

Princess Elizabeth likes a soap-and-water wash after this. Good soap doesn't hurt her skin, though it is fine and sensitive. Then follows a cool rinse with a tonic lotion to brace the skin.

The Princess has a beauty box, but uses few of the many creams and powders. She prefers a liquid foundation as a protection against sun and wind.

Sometimes a colorless emollient cream which keeps the skin supple is used, but this is when she goes to Balmoral or Windsor and leads a more open-air life.

Make-up is the simplest—a light dusting of powder over milk of roses foundation, and no rouge—because her own natural color is perfect. But she likes a generous splash of lipstick, and may blend two or three different colors to get the right shade.

This is then carefully blotted off with a facial tissue. Beautiful teeth are one of the Princess' greatest attractions, and she hates teeth smeared with red lipstick.

Each season as the new lipstick colors come in, Princess Elizabeth tries them all out. She wears a different one for different frocks, but always chooses shades that, while toning with clothes colors, still look natural on the lips.

She has her own special way of using lipstick, too; not right to the corners of her quite generous mouth, nor does she emphasise the Cupid's bow. Rather is she inclined to color the lower lip more heavily.

The Princess has always used a little eye-shadow; blue, very carefully and lightly applied, and in the evening, when she is going to some function where she will be under the blaze of spotlights, she puts on a little mascara as well.

During the war Thelma Besant worked in an advisory capacity to the women's Services, lecturing to the W.A.A.F. and A.T.S. on beauty topics, and she will lecture in Australia on the latest trends in make-up.

She is bringing with her a collection of model spring hats specially designed for Australian women by Aage Thaarup, a favored Royal milliner.

In private life Miss Besant is Mrs. Vyvyan Holland, and her wedding to the son of Oscar Wilde at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in September, 1943, was one of the social events of the season.

She now has a three-year-old son, Christopher Merlin, and her husband and son (and Nannie) will accompany her on the trip to Australia, living quietly in Victoria while Miss Besant tours the States.

Regarded as one of the best-dressed women in the West End, this elegant Australian was once one of Gregan McMahon's Repertory players, and is an inveterate theatregoer.

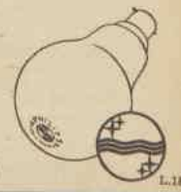
Since her marriage she has lived at Chelsea. She and her husband are both expert cooks, and he is closely associated with the Wine and Food Society of England, so they do a great deal of entertaining. Their dinner parties are among the most discussed in London, both for interesting guests and cuisine.

Vyvyan Holland is a French scholar, and he spent part of the war years broadcasting to France, and on the secret radio to the Maquis.

Your favourite SKIN LOTION now available as a SKIN CREAM in TUBES
1/3 OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE
H.SA.16
USE SPARINGLY — IT'S SUPER CONCENTRATED

for harmony in the home keep spare lamps

In case a lamp should "take the rap"
Keep a Philips 'spare' on tap.
Never "fiddle" with your sight,
Read and work in PHILIPS light.
It's easier on the eyes and pocket
To fit a PHILIPS in each socket.



PHILIPS LAMPS
L.18

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780017

KRAFT Special for SPRING

"A super new main-course dish"
— *says* **ELIZABETH COOKE,**
Kraft's famous Cookery and Nutrition Expert

VEGETABLE UPSIDE-DOWN PIE WITH KRAFT CHEESE SAUCE

1 tablespoon dripping, 1 cup French beans, ¼ cup peas, ¼ cup cooked sliced carrots, ¼ cup cooked sliced parsnips, 2 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 1 cup flour, 1¼ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons melted butter or other shortening.

Kraft Cheese Sauce:

6 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, ¾ cup milk, salt, pepper.

Melt dripping in cake tin or baking pan and add vegetables and then sliced cheese.

Beat eggs, add milk and dry ingredients, sifted. Fold in melted butter or other shortening and pour over vegetables. Bake in a hot oven 425 degrees F. until crust is well done. Invert onto hot plate and serve with hot Kraft Cheese Sauce:

Shred cheese into saucepan with 2 tablespoons milk, heat and stir till melted. Season with salt and pepper and add remaining milk slowly, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth. Serves 4.

"MAKE the most of all the delicious spring vegetables this fascinating new Kraft way," says Elizabeth Cooke. "You'll save meat coupons and give your family a main-course dish that's a real flavour treat."

Kraft Cheese *tastes* better because it's *blended better.* It always has the same delicious mellow flavour. It's always easy to slice or shred for sandwiches, snacks or tasty cooked cheese dishes. And it stays fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping.

Kraft Cheese—Rich in Food Value

Ounce for ounce, there's no basic food to equal cheese for complete, high-quality proteins . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

So ask for Kraft Cheese in the 8 oz. packet

ECONOMY NOTE

It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the Kraft 5 lb. loaf.

It Tastes Better
because it's BLENDED BETTER

Listen to "Mary Livingstone, M.D."—every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.

Three Little Australians

. . born under the Sign of
LIBRA

According to astrological authorities, the influences of "Libra"—the Balance, are in full sway between September 21st and October 20th . . . and children who are born at this time of the year are likely to take a high place in the world of thinkers, scientists or authorities on the law. Even-tempered, orderly, Libra people can enjoy great popularity and make hosts of friends, so these three youngsters have good prospects for a rich, full life—and they're off to a good start with healthful Vegemite in their diet every day.

KEVIN OLIVER

Two years old on October 2nd, Kevin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Oliver of Selbourne Street, Auburn, Victoria. Mrs. Oliver says: "The local Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegemite for Kevin. He loves it and I know it's rich in the vitamins he needs to keep him the picture of health."

HELEN HANNAFORD

With her fifth birthday on October 2nd, Helen is the lively young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hannaford of Kingsford, N.S.W. "I didn't realise how much difference vitamins can make to a child's health until I started giving Helen Vegemite. It's been a marvellous help in building her up," says Mrs. Hannaford.

ANGUS McLEAN

Angus is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean of Main Street, Mordialloc, Vic., and September 26th is the date of his first birthday. Mrs. McLean says: "Angus has been having Vegemite regularly ever since the Infant Welfare Centre recommended it to me—and I'm sure all the vitamins in Vegemite are doing him a world of good."

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

★ *Richer* in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
★ *Richer* in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
★ *Richer* in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)
★ Tastier and costs less.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780018

4 o'clock

● Bring out your daintiest china and your finest cloth . . . use the recipes on this page and serve an afternoon tea that will be long remembered.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

CAKES—rich or plain—sweet, crumbly meringues, not-so-sweet cookies, and ideas for novel savory snacks are included in these recipes.

A few reminders about the tea . . . piping hot it must be, and freshly made, of course.

Fine china teapots cool off quickly. A tea-cosy is necessary.

The secret of making good tea lies in pouring the water on to the leaves in the heated teapot the moment it boils.

Tea made from water which has been allowed to boil for any length of time has a flat taste.

To ensure tea is really hot, heat the milk first. Be careful not to boil it. Boiled milk alters the flavor of tea.

STUFFED BREAD ROLLS

(Something a little different to serve instead of sandwiches.)

Bread rolls, ½ cup thick white sauce, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 5 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste, squeeze of lemon juice.

Cut a slice from one end of each bread roll. With a fork or sharp-pointed knife remove crumb from each roll, leaving a hollow centre. Chop eggs finely, mix into cold white sauce, adding curry powder, salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Fill into bread rolls, chill until filling is firm. Cut into slices and serve garnished with parsley sprigs.

CHOCOLATE CHIP MERINGUES

(A variation of the ever-popular meringue.)

Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons castor sugar, 3 or 4 tablespoons chipped dark chocolate, vanilla.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until mixture holds its shape and sugar is dissolved. Fold in vanilla and chipped chocolate. With a forcing bag or spoon shape into mounds on flat oven-tray covered with waxed paper. Bake in very slow oven (275 to 300deg. F.) until dried out and very lightly colored. Remove from paper while still warm. Brush tops lightly with a little egg-white, sprinkle with grated chocolate.

RASPBERRY ROLLS

(Apricot jam or strawberry jam may be substituted for raspberry.)

Three level dessertspoons margarine or butter, 3 scant dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg, scant ½ cup milk, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, raspberry jam.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add beaten egg a little at a time. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk, making a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll barely ½in. thick. Cut into rounds. Place a teaspoon of raspberry jam in centre of each circle. Moisten edges, fold over, pressing edges well together. Glaze with milk, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Serve cold. Jam may be omitted and rolls split and spread with butter if a plainer roll is liked.

HERE'S a tempting array of home-made sweetness: Marbled cake; four-o'clock cake—to be eaten plain or topped with cream, or cream substitute, and strawberries; chocolate chip meringues. And, of course, tea.

FOUR-O'CLOCK CAKE

(Wholesome butter cake, eaten plain or topped with strawberries and cream or cream substitute.)

Six ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, ½lb. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons milk.

Soften margarine or butter with vanilla, lemon and orange rind. Gradually beat in sugar, continue beating until soft, white, and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, fold into mixture alternately with milk. Turn into well-greased tin, bake 50 to 60 minutes in moderate oven (375 deg. F.). Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning out. Cut into blocks or slices before serving.

WALNUT RAISIN CAKE

(Dates or sultanas may be used instead of raisins.)

Half cup margarine or butter, 1 cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ cup walnuts, ½ cup raisins, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 1 level teaspoon carb. soda.

Beat margarine or butter to a cream with vanilla. Add egg, beating well. Stir in cocoa blended with a little of the milk, chopped walnuts, and raisins. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with balance of milk in which soda has been dissolved. Turn into greased tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. When cold, may be topped with chocolate icing and sprinkled with chopped walnuts.

HOME-MADE PIKELETS

(Make plenty—they disappear so rapidly!)

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Sift self-raising flour and salt, add fruit rind and sugar. Stir in beaten egg and milk, mix to a smooth batter. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot, greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook over steady, medium heat until lightly browned underneath and set on top. Turn carefully and brown other side. Lift on to clean kitchen paper and thoroughly grease griddle-pan before cooking next batch. Allow to become quite cold, and spread lightly with butter before serving.

MARBLED CAKE

(Try adding dabs of raspberry jam as the mixture is spooned into the tin.)

Eight ounces margarine or butter, 8oz. flour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 extra tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon cocoa blended with 1 tablespoon warm milk, pink coloring.

Soften margarine or butter, beat to a soft cream with vanilla. Gradually beat in sifted flour and continue beating until mixture is soft, white, and fluffy. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Add yolks, mixing well. Beat gradually into creamed butter and flour. Lastly fold in baking powder and salt sifted with the extra tablespoon flour. Divide mixture into three, add blended cocoa to one portion, color second portion pink. Spoon each mixture alternately into well-greased tin. When all mixture is filled into tin, drop tin down on to table once or twice to dispose of any spaces between the three mixtures. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 50 to 60 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning out. When cold cut in slices or blocks. If liked cake may be topped with chocolate or pink warm icing.

CHEESE LOAF SANDWICHES

One cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 level dessertspoon butter or margarine, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, thin, well-drained slices of firm tomato, celery salt, pepper.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in shortening, add sugar and cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Egg may be omitted and extra milk used. Turn mixture into greased loaf-tin 8in. x 4in. x 3in. Bake in moderate oven (400deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When quite cold cut into thin slices, spread lightly with butter. Sandwich with tomato slices sprinkled with celery salt and pepper. Cut into finger-lengths and serve garnished with parsley sprigs.

★ TOM PIPER — THE NAME OF GOODNESS IN FRESH CANNED FOODS ★

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780019

Wringing tires you out?

It's not an extra pair of hands you need —it's **ACME CLEANSE-WRINGING**

Here's the newest, easiest, quickest way to do your wringing—it's an Acme Cleanser Wringer. You just turn the handle—the Acme does the work!

And look at your clothes! The whitest, cleanest wash you ever had. Because the Acme wrings and *cleanses*. Its *controlled pressure* rollers not only remove the water (twice the water in half the time) but every clinging particle of dirt. Heavy articles—fragile garments—the ACME makes an absolute first-rate job of them all!

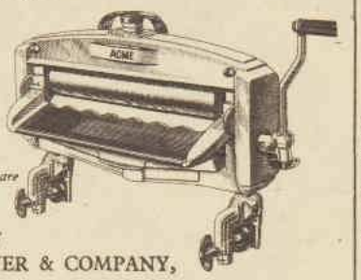
TODAY—see your dealer about a new post-war ACME. You'll be glad!

Quick facts on this wonder machine

Note these up-to-the-minute features of the new ACME.

1. Controlled pressure rollers.
2. Two-way drain.
3. Clothes-guide with permanent wave.
4. Adaptability—it can be fixed anywhere.
5. Lightness.
6. Beauty of design and finish.

Supplies are still limited owing to shortage of raw materials, so if you can't get an Acme right away don't be put off with a second best—the best's well worth waiting for.



Obtainable at all leading hardware and departmental stores.

Factory Representatives:

MESSRS. J. CHALEYER & COMPANY,

PIONEER HOUSE, 353, FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE, C.1.

ARE YOU KEEPING YOUR *Healthy Radiance and Charm*

HOW grand it is to feel really well, week in, week out, all the year round! There's a freshness that shows in your whole appearance, even in the way you wear your clothes. Inner health, that's the secret; perfect inner health, which millions enjoy to-day with the help of Bile Beans.

The system must be cleansed if you want to feel and look at your very best. Being purely vegetable, Bile Beans gently but effectively rid the body of harmful digestive wastes so that you become free from constipation and the biliousness and headaches which follow in its wake.

Keep healthy, happy and attractive by taking Bile Beans, the world's most popular tonic-laxative.

"Bile Beans improved my health wonderfully, and have given me new life and energy. My complexion, too, is fresh and clear, and when friends say how youthful I look I just say, 'Bile Beans, my dear'." —Mrs. D.P.

Beauty from Inner Health by taking

BILE BEANS

In handy 1'3 and 3'- (family) sizes, of all chemists

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night, and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Now in 2 sizes ——— 6/- and 12/-

BUTTERFLY SALAD of cream cheese shapes coated with chopped nuts, placed between sections of pineapple, dotted with raisins.

Wins main prize . . .

Savory Tripe Olives

● Recipes from readers in four States win cash prizes in this week's cookery contest.

TRIPE rolls stuffed with a well-flavored bread-seasoning make a delicious casserole topped with an onion and mustard-flavored sauce.

Vary the flavor by adding grated cheese to the breadcrumbs used for topping.

Send in a copy of your favorite recipe—it may win you a cash prize.

SAVORY TRIPE OLIVES

Tripe: One pound thin tripe, 1 onion, piece of bacon rind, 1 teaspoon salt.

Stuffing: One cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch dried herbs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 bacon rasher, a little milk.

Sauce: One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup milk.

Place tripe in cold water in saucepan, bring to boil, drain. Cover with fresh cold water. Add onion, salt, and bacon rind. Bring to boil. Simmer 1½ to 2 hours (until tender), cool, cut into small oblong pieces.

Prepare Stuffing: Mix three-quarters of the breadcrumbs with chopped parsley, herbs, salt, pepper, grated lemon rind, and finely diced bacon. Moisten with a little milk. Place small portion of stuffing on smooth side of each piece of tripe. Roll up loosely, as stuffing will ooze out if rolled tightly. Place in greased ovenware dish.

Prepare Sauce: Melt shortening. Fry onion lightly. Do not brown. Add flour and mustard, stir until smooth. Cook 1 to 2 minutes. Add milk and continue stirring until mixture boils. Pour over tripe rolls. Top with remaining breadcrumbs. Place in moderate oven (375deg. F.) and cook 15 to 20 minutes. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley, bacon rolls.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. McCallum, 47 Hampton Rd., Beaconsfield, W.A.

HAMBURGER POTATO SCONES

Scones: Six ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 level teaspoon dry mustard, 3oz. dry mashed potato, 1½ dessertspoons margarine or butter, scant ½ cup milk.

Filling: Half-pound sausage meat, salt and pepper to taste, pinch dried herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon flour.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, and mustard. Rub in shortening. Add cold mashed potato, mixing well. Add sufficient milk to make fairly soft dough. Turn on to floured board. Knead lightly, roll to ½-inch thickness. Cut with round cutter. Place on greased oven slide, bake in hot oven (475deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. When cooked split open and fill with round of sausage meat. Serve hot garnished with tomato slices, parsley.

Filling: Mix all ingredients together. Using a little extra flour, shape into balls, then flatten to size of scone. Place on greased slide. Bake in moderate oven (375deg F.), 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Stagatich, 15 Ozone St., Alberton, S.A.

BAKED RHUBARB ROLL

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine or fat, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 to 4 tablespoons cold water, 2½ to 3 cups finely diced rhubarb, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, extra ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening. Add lemon juice and rind. Mix to dry dough with cold water. Turn on to floured board. Knead lightly—roll thinly to oblong shape. Cover with diced rhubarb, lemon rind, and brown sugar. Glaze edges of pastry with water. Roll up, press edges together. Glaze with water. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.), 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with spiced custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. M. Blunt, James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

MOCK WHITEBAIT AU GRATIN

Two fillets of mullet, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water, ¾ cup thick white sauce, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs.

Remove skin from fish, wash well in salted water. Dry. Cut fillets into thin strips. Toss in seasoned flour. Place in greased ovenware dish. Add lemon juice and water. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.), 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from oven. Pour sauce over fish, sprinkle with grated cheese and crumbs. Return to oven to brown lightly. Serve garnished with lemon slices, parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Marcel, 18 Barkly St., St. Kilda, Melbourne.

POTATO SCONES hot from the oven and sandwiched together with well-seasoned sausage meat—ideal for cool evenings. See recipe.

QUICK Quickly prepared, quickly cooked, SAVOY Macaroni or Spaghetti make the ideal breakfast . . . easy for you, and a treat for the family.

SLICK For lunch, too, a Savoy dish is as easy to make as it is delicious. You save time and work when you serve Savoy.

TASTY Yes, whether it's breakfast, lunch or dinner at night, Savoy Spaghetti or Macaroni are always tasty, always tempting, always popular. Insist on

Savoy

NUTRIFOODS

MACARONI SPAGHETTI AND OTHERS

The Food of 50 Dishes

Note: Savoy Products are only sold loose

Girls with MOUSY or BROWNISH hair

Now you too can have real fair lovelier lustrous hair

Sta-blond's *New* "MAKE-UP" Shampoo

now washes mousy or brownish hair 4-6 shades lighter

—without ugly bleaching

gives it life, lustre, beauty

Sta-blond's NEW "Make-up" Shampoo can now do for 'sort of' mousy or light brownish hair what it does for millions of natural blonde women and children all over the world.

It brings back to darkened fair hair that rich golden beauty of childhood.

Makes your hair glisten **like moonbeams on a lake.**

Try it. See why 38,000,000 packets of Sta-blond were sold in United States, Great Britain, South Africa, Canada, Australia and other countries of the world in 1946.

STA-BLOND MAKES YOU PRETTIER!

Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 2078SS, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780020

THERE'LL BE A *Lucky Bridegroom* IN 1957

This young charmer is learning the art of husband taming. They're never too young to find out that the quickest way to a man's heart is through his dinner table, and cooking in Pyrex helps tremendously. No doubt about it, wonderful things can be done with Pyrex. Made in a vast variety of shapes and sizes . . . pie plates, baking dishes, individuals, casseroles are only some. Re casseroles. Cheap, low-couponed meat is all you need, and just watch the boys "back up" for second helpings.

Most housewives like Pyrex because of the work saved. Every Pyrex dish is designed for cooking, serving and storing. Much less washing up.

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY., LTD.

AGEE PYREX

AGEE PYREX IS GUARANTEED AGAINST BREAKAGES IN OVEN USE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780021

LANRAY

THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADERS IN

ALUMINIUM COOKING UTENSILS

SAUCEPANS • FRYING PANS • CUTLET PANS • OMELETTE PANS • BOILERS • BREAD BINS • STEAMERS, ETC.

BUILT FOR ENDURING SERVICE

At all leading department and hardware stores

DISTRIBUTORS:

LANRAY INDUSTRIES LIMITED

11-19 HARGRAVE STREET, SYDNEY

Complete your charms with

SOFTASILK

Hand Beauty Cream

A gentle massage with this wonderful cream will protect your hands against work and the years

It's Handier in a tube

I'm all glowing and warm, with

GLO-RUB

Even the most obstinate cold will respond to a HEARNE'S GLO-RUB treatment. It is very simple. Just put a little GLO-RUB in the nostrils and use GLO-RUB liberally to rub the chest and throat. Its soothing and penetrating vapour opens up the nasal passages for easy breathing, releases secretions and soothes swollen and irritated membranes. It penetrates in through the pores of the chest and throat to do a power of good with its pleasant and comforting warmth.

"BREATHE IT IN—AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD"

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC

Fashion Frock Service

"LEILA"—Pyjama suit for summer nights.

The pyjamas are obtainable ready to wear, or cut out for you to make up yourself in a floral rayon lingerie-spun material. The short, full jacket gives plenty of room for comfort and buttons down the front. The yoke, pocket, and collar are outlined with a self-frill—dainty and strictly feminine.

The Colors Are: Backgrounds of lemon, sky, peach, green. The florals for all background colors are rose, blue, gold, and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 39/11 (8 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 42/- (8 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 29/3 (8 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 31/6 (8 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

N.B.: When ordering "Leila," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

INTERSTATE OFFICES

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post. Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 491O, G.P.O., Perth; Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle, Tasmania Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Needlework Notions

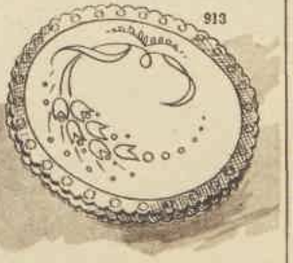
No. 910.—SUN-SUIT FOR A LITTLE BOY The sun-suit is traced ready for you to cut out and make in a good cotton headcloth, which will wash and wear well. The colors are natural, green, rose, sake, fawn, and lemon. Sizes, 16in. length, 3/11 (2 coupons); 18in. length, 4/6 (2 coupons); 20in. length, 4/11 (3 coupons). Postage 6½d. extra.

No. 911.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUN-SUIT This sun-suit is a match for little brother's, but being a little lady she has a self-frill outlining the garment. It is traced ready for you to cut out and make in a good cotton headcloth in lovely shades of natural, rose, green, sake, fawn, and lemon. Sizes, 16in. length, 4/6 (2 coupons); 18in. length, 5/3 (2 coupons); 20in. length, 5/11 (2 coupons). Postage 6½d. extra.

No. 912.—DAINTY TABLE-CENTRE The centre is traced ready for you to embroider on pure white Irish linen cambric. The centre measures 11in. x 17in. Price 4/11. Postage 4½d. extra.

No. 913.—PRETTY POWDER-PUFF CASE The attractive case is traced ready for you to make and embroider in white organdie, and would make a sweet gift to have ready for Christmas. The lace is not supplied. Price 6d. each. Postage 1½d. extra.

N.B.: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 910 and 911, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



● *PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should:* ★ *Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS.* ★ *Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS.* ★ *State size required.* ★ *For children's patterns state age.* ★ *Use box numbers given on 18th page.* ★ *C.O.D. orders are not accepted.*

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Ah! I see you did

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night . . . that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Macleans Toothpaste has a most pleasant flavour . . . it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

11d. and 1/4 per tube.

MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE

Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrasy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given Secretly or taken Voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course

Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.

297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

PAIN you can't explain

YOU HAVE TO TELL A "white lie"

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special **Aeterin** (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." At all chemists.

Try MYZONE with your very next "pain"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780022

The perfume to wear and remember...

7777 PERFUME
EAU DE COLOGNE
LAVENDER
TALC POWDER
A GILVO PERFUMERY PRODUCT

Take care of it!

Good, pre-war furniture is rightly valued these days. Give it the protection it deserves. Just a little touch of LIQUID VENEER is most effective for cleaning, beautifying and preserving highly-finished surfaces. Gives a marvellous gloss you'll be proud of. Use LIQUID VENEER for satisfaction, it is most economical. Use it on your car, too. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

LIQUID VENEER

PRICES 4 oz. 1/11, 12 oz 3/10.
AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS:
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
34/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

TRAYCLOTH IN CROCHET

SIXTY-THREE star-pointed motifs form the traycloth pictured at the right.

The design is suitable for place-mats for a dinner or luncheon set, too. Use four or five for length, and three or four for width.

Dressing-table sets made in pastel shades are also effective, particularly under plate-glass.

Here are the directions:—

Materials: 3 balls white or selected color Coats' Mercer-crochet No. 40; steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook and tight workers a No. 3½).

Size of Motif: 2in. square approx.

Measurements: 14in. x 18in.; 7 motifs x 9 motifs.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; s.s., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; hlf. tr., half treble; dbl. tr., double treble; trip. tr., triple treble; sp., space; tr., treble.

FIRST MOTIF

Commence with 8 ch., join with s.s. to form a ring.

1st Row: Into ring work 16 d.c., 1 s.s. into first d.c.

2nd Row: 6 ch., 1 tr. into same place as s.s., * 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next d.c.; repeat from * omitting 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. at end of last repeat, 1 s.s. into 3rd of 6 ch.

3rd Row: 1 s.s. into first sp., 3 ch., 3 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. into same sp., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. into sp. between trs.; repeat from * omitting 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. at end of last repeat, 1 s.s. into 3rd of 3 ch.

4th Row: 1 s.s. into each of next 3 tr., 1 s.s. into sp., 6 ch., * 1 dbl. tr., 5 ch., 1 dbl. tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into same sp., 1 dbl. tr., 3 ch., 1 trip. tr., 4 ch., 1 trip. tr., 3 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next d.c., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp. at corner, 3 ch.; repeat from * omitting 1 tr. and 3 ch. at end of last repeat, 1 s.s. into 3rd of 6 ch.

5th Row: * 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next dbl. tr., 2 tr., 2 dbl. tr., 3 ch., 2 dbl. tr., 2 tr. into 5 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next dbl. tr., 3 tr., 1 hlf. tr., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next trip. tr., 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. into 4 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next trip. tr., 1 tr., 1 hlf. tr., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp.; repeat from * ending with 1 s.s. into first d.c. Fasten off.

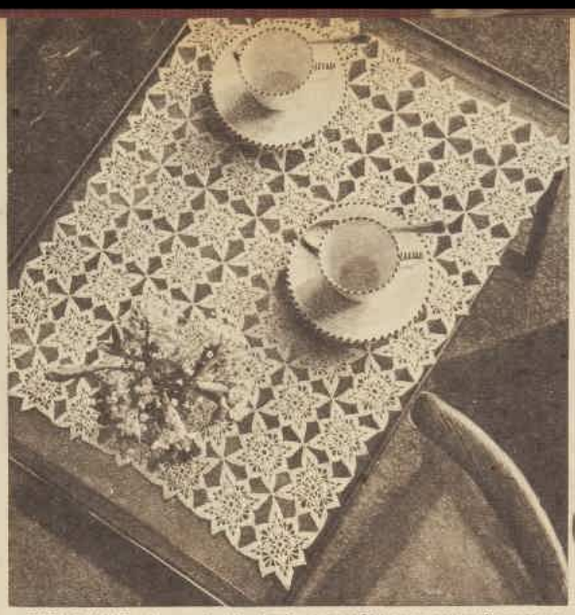
SECOND MOTIF

Work same as first motif for 4 rows.

5th Row: 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next dbl. tr., 2 tr., 2 dbl. tr. into 5 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into corresponding sp. on first motif, 1 ch., 2 dbl. tr., 2 tr. into same 5 ch. sp. on second motif, 1 tr. into next dbl. tr., 3 tr., 1 hlf. tr., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next trip. tr., 3 tr. into next 4 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into corresponding sp. on first motif, 1 ch., 3 tr. into same 4 ch. sp. on second motif, 1 tr. into next trip. tr., 1 tr., 1 hlf. tr., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next dbl. tr., 2 tr., 2 dbl. tr. into 5 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into corresponding sp. on first motif, 1 ch., 2 dbl. tr., 2 tr. into same 5 ch. sp. on second motif, and complete as for first motif (no more joinings).

Make necessary number of motifs, joining each as second was joined to first, where 4 corners meet, join 3rd and 4th corners to d.c. at join of previous motifs.

Damp and pin out to measurements.



EVEN THOSE who are just beginning to crochet can master the pattern for the star-pointed motif used with such good effect in this traycloth.

"THE BABY-CARRIER is so light and comfortable I couldn't do without it now," says Mrs. L. Steer, of Bennett Street, Bondi, N.S.W., pictured above with baby Russell. The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier can be obtained in off-white with blue, beige, or grey straps, from our pattern department for 15/6. If ordering by mail, add 3½d postage. *See address page 17*

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IVORY or bone knife-handles can be cleaned by the application of a paste made from a little lemon juice and ordinary whiting. Leave the mixture on for a few moments, then rinse and polish.

* * *

A PRESSED cardboard suitcase which has worn at the corners and edges can be restored by giving it a coating of varnish. Painting a brand-new case with clear varnish protects it.

* * *

WHEN poaching eggs, add a teaspoon of vinegar to the boiling water to keep the egg firm and prevent the pan from becoming discolored.

* * *

WOODEN fruit and salad bowls should not be washed in the ordinary way but wiped out after use. Occasionally rub lightly with a cloth dipped in a drop of oil or soft fat in order to feed the wood. Bad stains should be rubbed gently the way of the grain with fine steel-wool.

* * *

RUST marks on the bath underneath the tap are often caused by the iron in the water. Remove them easily with a hot solution of water and oxalic acid, allowing a teaspoonful of oxalic acid to a cup of hot water. Apply with a soft cloth immediately over the stain, but do not allow it to spread elsewhere, as it may injure and dull the porcelain finish. Remember that oxalic acid is poisonous, so be sure to rinse carefully.

GREASE the sides of the saucepan when cooking macaroni or spaghetti and the water will not boil over.

A SUBSTITUTE for furniture polish may be made by mixing two tablespoons of turpentine with the whites of two eggs. Beat the whites lightly before adding the turpentine. Use a clean dry cloth for polishing.

* * *

A LITTLE vinegar added to warm water and applied with a clean cloth will freshen leather upholstery.

Hints on WEANING BABY

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABIES are usually weaned when they are between eight and nine months old, and they should be prepared gradually for the change.

This period of the year before the really hot weather begins is a good time for successful weaning if baby is nearing this age.

If the child is not prepared for the psychological as well as the physical aspects of weaning, difficulty may be experienced in getting him accustomed to new foods and methods of feeding.

A leaflet giving hints and instructions for successful weaning can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

1 Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2 Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3 A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4 No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5 Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar to-day!

ARRID

2/- a jar
Also in 9½d. jars
At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Distributors:
Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

ECONOMISE — USE
PRINCESS DYES
DOUBLE SIZE PACKET 1/- EVERYWHERE

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS

Your kidneys are a marvellous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. Cystex rids Kidneys of poisons and acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney discomforts. In 24 hours you'll feel fitter, stronger than for years. Cystex is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. The Guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780023

A full serving of nourishing whole wheat *in 6 seconds*

TWO crisp and crunchy WEETBIX — add milk and sugar — and PRESTO! Breakfast is served! The fastest breakfast you can serve on your table. WEETBIX is also a quick source of vital whole wheat goodness because each deliciously toasted flake is a whole wheat grain — flavoured with pure, wholesome, energy-giving malt — and fortified with added VITAMIN B_1! Perfectly cooked, you serve straight from the packet. Ask your grocer for WEETBIX Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits TODAY!

Weet-Bix

Vitamin Fortified BREAKFAST BISCUITS

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

W254-5761

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780024

A message for the "Over-forties"

If you find that work is becoming a burden and your energy flagging, *start taking Phyllosan tablets.* Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals . . . but, if taken *regularly*, what a difference they make. You'll soon begin to feel keener, more vigorous and alive. The revitalizing effect of a course of Phyllosan tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands of men and women over forty owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

At Chemists and Stores, 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity)

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

BABY CRAFT

WELCOME ADVICE TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by JOHN STEEDMAN & CO., DEPT. J., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

Pimples Go

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store today under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back in return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

HARBUTT'S

'Plasticine'

-the original and best modelling material

Fashion PATTERNS

F4844

F4844.—A printed suit—styled with a pencil-slim skirt and the new long-jacket lines. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 1/10.

F4842.—Hip drapery for a one-piece. The dress buttons down the back from neck to waistline. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/10.

F4840.—Perfect suit for wool or linen; the pleated skirt and cuffed sleeves are fashion points. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material or 4¾yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 1/10.

F4840

F4842

F4841.—Scanties and brassiere set comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires ⅞yd. 36in. material for the brassiere and 1¼yds. 36in. material for the scanties. Pattern price, 1/10.

F4843.—Slacks and midriff top comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¼yds. for slacks and 1¼yds. for top, 36in. material. Pattern price, 1/10.

F4845.—Shorts and tailored shirt come in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1¼yds. for shorts and 2yds. for shirt, 36in. material. Price, 1/10.

● *TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 52.*

F4841 F4843 F4845

You can easily pick up a cold in crowded places. At the first sign, use Mistol.

A few drops in each nostril spreads a protecting film over inflamed membranes—quickly relieves congestion. Breathing is easier and you get quick relief.

For exceptionally stubborn conditions, use Mistol with Ephedrine.

M.I.8

Mistol

STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

DANDRUFF Defeated!

Drive out Dandruff. This special Soap "digs" beneath surface of scalp, removing Dandruff flakes, stopping itch. 1/9 Cake. All Chemists.

POTTER'S DANDRUFF SOAP

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 3/- & 1/3.

fortuna cloth

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780025

Bushells

More Cups — Finer Flavor

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780026